

Entertainment WEEKLY

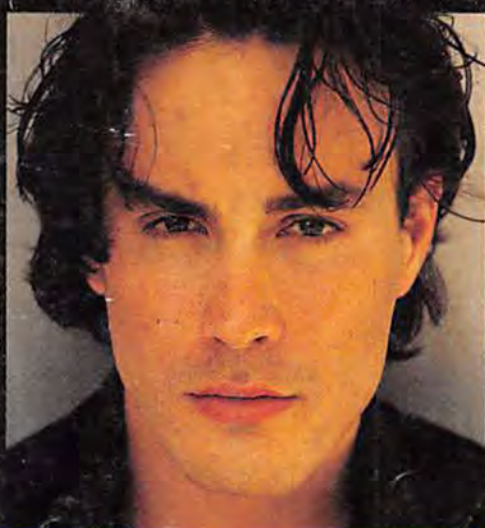
NO. 166

FROM FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1993

SPECIAL REPORT

BLOOD ON THE SET

WHAT REALLY happened the night Brandon Lee was killed? ♦ How could a bullet end up in a gun that should have been firing blanks? ♦ Forget the curses and conspiracy theories—here's the full story of Bruce Lee's son, his troubled movie, and his final days.

**BRANDON LEE**

"Nobody ever gets hurt doin' that stuff," he told a friend while filming *The Crow*.

This year, millions of families just like yours will decide to take home their very first personal computer.

You might be looking to give your

children an edge in school.

Or bring work home from the office. Or

make the PTA newsletter look a little more professional.

The first

step in finding the right com-

A computer should be easy to buy. So Macintosh Performa puts everything your family needs in one box.

puter is to ask a few simple questions.
What do you really need in a computer?

You can plunge into books thicker than the Peoria white pages to find the answer, immersing yourself in the megabytes and whosiwatzits of computer terminology just to figure out your choices.

Or, you can look into a new kind of personal computer: Performa.[™] The family Macintosh.[™]

We started by putting everything together in one box, so you wouldn't have to figure out what components to buy. Plug the monitor into the computer, plug the power cord into the wall, and you're ready to go.

What software do you need?

How to buy your first personal computer.

The magic of a personal computer is that you can change what it does simply by changing the software.

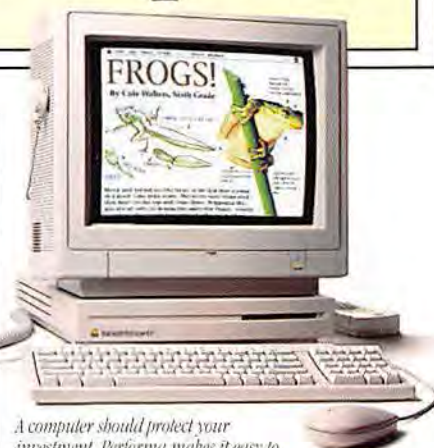
You can turn the same computer from a powerful calculating tool into an artist's palette into an arcade game.

A Macintosh Performa arrives in your home with the most popular kinds of soft-

ware already installed. So right out of the box, your family can do things like

write a term paper, calculate the household budget, organize an entire scout troop or keep a mailing list of all your relatives. (Plug in an affordable Apple[®] StyleWriter[®] II

A computer should help your kids to learn. Of course, more schools use Apple computers - to teach everything from frogs to Flaubert.



A computer should protect your investment. Performa makes it easy to grow as your family's needs grow, to let you add new capabilities and take advantage of future innovations.

printer, and all these projects take on the professional look of typeset documents.)

Of course, Performa also gives you the power to run thousands of other programs you can buy. If you use a computer at work, many of those same programs are available for the Macintosh Performa (from Lotus 1-2-3 to WordPerfect). And it lets your kids run many of the same software programs used in schools (more schools use Apple computers than any other brand).



A computer should be easy to set up. So a Macintosh Performa requires no tools – not even one of these.

Will everybody in the family be able to use it?

It doesn't matter how powerful a computer is if your family can't figure out how it works. Fortunately, Performa combines enough power to run a whole business with the practical simplicity of a Macintosh.



Performa even includes special software called At Ease™ that makes it easy for very young children to use.

Other computers may look simple in the store. But if you click the wrong button, you could find yourself staring at complex computer codes.

Are there any hidden costs?

Often, the base price of a computer doesn't include things you really need or want as soon as you get your computer home.

You may have to pay extra for basic things like sound and graphics. You may have to buy software separately. You may even have to pay extra for a keyboard, a mouse and a color monitor.

With Performa, all of these things are included for one affordable price. Some Performa models even include a modem.*

Where can you get help if you need it?

Even with the easiest computer, you may have a few questions now and then.

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telephone support. And should your Performa need service



A computer should help your family do many things. Performa has the power to run over 5,000 learning, business and entertainment programs – all as easy to use as a Macintosh.

in the first year, we'll even come to you.**

The whole idea is to make owning a computer an incredibly satisfying experience. (We know a few things about satisfying customers. For two years in a row, J.D. Power and Associates has ranked Apple highest in Overall Customer



Satisfaction Among Personal Computer Companies.†)

For the number of your local Performa retailer, call us at 800-538-9696, ext. 215.

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And discover the most important power a personal computer can bring your whole family. The power to be your best.®

Performa 
The Family Macintosh

Entertainment WEEKLY

FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1993

NEWS & NOTES

6/PG Keen Studios conceive more films for families...Is fidelity worth a million dollars?...HOT SHEET...FLASHES.

FEATURES

16/COVER The Brief Life and Unnecessary Death of Brandon Lee BY MARK HARRIS

The actor's accidental shooting on the set of *The Crow* remains mysterious. The rumors and the facts about how it happened, why it happened, and what may happen now. **PLUS:** A Brandon bio; the *Crow* comic and its creator; other accident-plagued productions.

24/Big Fame Hunter BY KATE MEYERS

With the help of Garth Brooks and Revlon, ambitious country singer Trisha Yearwood has orchestrated her resounding success.

28/Springtime for Broadway BY JESS CAGLE

What's fresh on the Great White Way this season. **PLUS:** Upcoming musicals inspired by famous films.

REVIEWS

34/MOVIES OWEN GLEIBERMAN on *Indecent Proposal*; also *Cop and a Half* and *The Crush*. **PLUS:** Women as Hollywood's hot commodity; cashing in on celebrities' castoffs.

40/TELEVISION KEN TUCKER on *The Woman Who Loved Elvis*; also *Dudley*, *The Fire Next Time*, *Old Times*. **PLUS:** recognizing *Roseanne*'s renowned guest stars; Carey Lowell.

46/BOOKS GENE LYONS on *A Season in Purgatory*; also *Martin and John*, *Gospel*, *Genie: An Abused Child's Flight From Silence*, and *Recipes for Disaster!* **PLUS:** Oscar-winning screenwriter Ruth Prawer Jhabvala as novelist.

50/MUSIC DAVID BROWNE on Enya; also Chris Isaak, David Bowie, and the Kinks. **PLUS:** *The Dark Side of the Moon*'s 20th anniversary edition; re-remixing Bowie's new hit single; quizzing Belly's lead singer.

56/VIDEO TY BURR on *Passenger 57*; Artie Shaw on *Glenn Miller: America's Musical Hero*; also *Hero*, *The Public Eye*, and *Sarafina!* **PLUS:** Static about video games on planes; cassette titles that capitalize on blockbusters' names.

62/KIDS STEVE DALY on *Arnold's Fitness for Kids* and *The Fitness Express*. **PLUS:** Schwarzenegger as a role model.

DEPARTMENTS

4/Mail Oscars, Ice-T, Dixie Whitley on movie blurbs.

12/The Biz Troubled TriStar Pictures rises again.

14/Behind the Scenes *The Jeffersons* stages a comeback.

64/Encore April 15, 1971: George C. Scott snubs the Academy.

Cover DAVIS FACTOR/VISAGES



POISED FOR FLIGHT:

Shortly before his untimely death, *The Crow*'s Brandon Lee (on roof) wings it with members of his character's rock band



OSCAR PICKS

MY HAT is off to writers Ty Burr and Gregg Kilday and the editorial staff of ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY for the article "Win, Place & Show Biz" (#163, March 26). I think you are dead perfect in your Oscar predictions. Thanks for a great article—I'll be thinking of you on the 29th!

IVAN SONDEL

Van Nuys, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: For the record, EW handicappers Burr and Kilday were on the money in five of the six big Oscar races: Best Actor, Best Actress, Best Supporting Actor, Best Director, and Best Picture. Like many other prognosticators, they picked Judy Davis for Best Supporting Actress (Marisa Tomei won).

IT'S T'S TIME

REGARDING Ice-T, it's better to have him paying [lots of money in salaries than for me to] pay a prison bill out of my pocket. He's a businessman who puts people to work without judgment. I support the peace between [L.A. gangs] the Bloods and the Crips. Keep up the good work, Ice-T, in saving lives.

MICHAEL ROHMAN

West Hollywood, Calif.

BY ANY OTHER NAME

IN YOUR story "Initial Reaction," on actors who changed their names to avoid duplicating the names of members of the Screen Actors Guild, you neglected Michael Keaton, who started out as Michael Douglas. He couldn't use Mike Douglas, either, as that was taken too!

SHANA KYE HYNEMAN

Princeton, Ind.

'UPBEAT' RESPONSE

THANK YOU for the mention in "The Best Story Ever" (#161, March 12), but I'm curious why Tim Appelo christened



me an "upbeat blurbmonger"—one who will say anything about a film in order to get quoted. As far as I am aware, I've been quoted maybe four times during the past year, all on films I truly enjoyed and recommended. Perhaps Mr. Appelo imagines I give rave reviews at the drop of a byline. Or perhaps

there is a bit of sexism here—he didn't have a single word of praise for any female reviewer (granted, there are precious few). I think six years of acceptance in Boston, the city with the most intelligent population in the country, belies "blurbmongerism."

DIXIE WHATLEY

WCVB-TV

Boston

INFOMANIA

BEING A TRUE aficionado of infomercials, I loved "1-800-Buy-This!" As a program coordinator for the USA Network and The Sci-Fi Channel who works the graveyard shift, I must endure 15½ hours of infomercials a week!

STEVEN M. HERSHKOWITZ

North Massapequa, N.Y.

LACK OF 'FAITH'

YOU MENTIONED in the review of *Songs of Faith and Devotion* that David Gahan of Depeche Mode manages "to stretch a little on the...ballad 'One Carress'" beyond his "rather one-dimensional basso." It may seem this way because Martin Gore actually sings the song in question.

DAWN BARTON

Tacoma, Wash.

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY welcomes mail from its readers. Please address letters to ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY, 1675 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019, and include your name, address, and telephone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

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In this case, protecting the environment includes running down 4x4's at 2 a.m. For these 4-dr. Suzuki Sidekick JLX's, it's all in a day's work. As Gary Moser, Chief Ranger for the Santa Monica Mountains Conservancy tells it, people with a little too much enthusiasm for nocturnal off-roading were a problem. Until the Sidekick 4WD's. "They're not your typical patrol vehicle. They tread lightly, but can go up inclines bigger trucks can't. Catching these guys off-guard was



easy." With no major modifications besides roof lights, they're tough and reliable. "We've never had a breakdown in the field, gotten stuck or failed to start." Plus, adds Moser, "they're fun to drive." Obviously, some days are more fun than others.



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THE 1993 SUZUKI 4-DR SIDEKICK® has a powerful 16-valve engine. Standard rear wheel anti-lock brake system.* An EPA-estimated 24 MPG city, 26 MPG highway,** the best of any 4-door sport/utility vehicle. And the lowest sticker price. So owning one is pretty much a walk in the park.

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*The rear-wheel anti-lock brake system operates in two-wheel drive mode only. **With 5-sp manual transmission. †Manufacturer's suggested retail price for 2WD JS model. Taxes, title, freight, and license extra. Dealers set own price. This vehicle handles differently from ordinary passenger cars. Federal law cautions to avoid sharp turns and abrupt maneuvers. Always wear your seat belt. For specific details, please read your owner's manual. Don't drink and drive. Please Tread Lightly on public and private land. © 1992 American Suzuki Motor Corporation.

NEWS & NOTES

APRIL 16, 1993 • MOVIES, TV, MUSIC, BOOKS, AND VIDEO • EDITED BY MAGGIE MURPHY

The Kids Are All Right

Moviemakers bet summer's bottom line on family fare

IN HOLLYWOOD, the new scarlet letter is *R*. After years of churning out films that dripped with gore, violence, and a zillion variations on the F-word, the studios are becoming even more puritanical than the Church Lady.

At Columbia Pictures, for example, chairman **Mark Canton** has made sure that **Arnold Schwarzenegger's** summer blockbuster, *Last Action Hero*, keeps expletives and excessive violence to a minimum, insuring a PG-13 rating. Over at Paramount, sources say, one of the reasons new chairman **Sherry Lansing** pulled the plug on **Eddie Murphy's** *Beverly Hills Cop III* was because the script's abundant cursing made an R rating inevitable; the retooled *Cop III* has been cleaned up for PG-13 audiences.

While studios will always release R-rated fare ("Believe me," says Canton, "Columbia Pictures is not going to turn into Nickelodeon"), the dash to make and release more PG- or PG-13-rated pictures has begun. What's causing the family-film boom? In addition to the success of fare like *Home Alone* and *Beethoven*, insiders are citing a September 1992 box office study by Paul Kagan Associates, an entertainment-research firm. The report shows nearly half of the 46 movies to reach the \$100 million mark at the box office from 1984 to 1991 were rated PG. The study concludes, "There is an underexploited segment that could be costing the studios millions of dollars: family comedies and dramas that are rated PG." Hollywood is heeding the survey's advice. Cases in point:

◆ Twentieth Century Fox just signed **Michael Jackson** to produce "family-oriented films." Many of the Jackson films will be animated—a



nod to Disney's G-rated *Aladdin*, the studio's highest-grossing film ever (\$197 million).

◆ Warner Bros. is releasing four "family" pictures this year, including this summer's *The Secret Garden* and *Free Willy* (see story at right). The studio's 1992 family fare was minimal.

◆ Columbia's PG-rated hit *Groundhog Day*, a \$60 million grosser, has replaced *Terminator 2* as the film everyone wants to copy. One Paramount executive says that at a recent story meeting, the word from on high was "find us the next *Groundhog Day*."

A changing marketplace might not be the only reason Hollywood is suddenly committed to making more family films. Most, if not all, of the executives who are green-lighting PG projects now have families of their own. "It's typical Hollywood self-indulgence," says one studio vice president. "These executives think that whatever phase of life they are in, that's the phase most Americans are in too. The PG trend is about business, yes. But it's also about taking care of business at home." —Ryan Murphy

THE EW POLL

'Indecent' Exposure

MOVIEDOM may claim to have its finger on the pulse of America, but audiences think the premise of the new Paramount film *Indecent Proposal* is just that—indecent. In the movie (see review on page 34), architect Woody Harrelson agrees to let his wife (Demi Moore) spend the night with billionaire Robert Redford for \$1 million. An ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY poll reveals that most Americans wouldn't "do it" for money.

Would you sleep with (or allow your partner to sleep with) another person for a million dollars?

Yes: 7.5%

No: 79.6%

Don't know/refused to answer: 12.9%

FROM A TELEPHONE POLL OF 504 ADULTS CONDUCTED OVER THE WEEKEND OF APRIL 2-4 BY THE ROPER ORGANIZATION. MARGIN OF ERROR: PLUS OR MINUS 2 POINTS.

The Movie That Might

COULD A KILLER WHALE blow away **Arnold Schwarzenegger's** *Last Action Hero*, **Steven Spielberg's** *Jurassic Park*, and the rest of the summer movie competition? In test screenings, Warner Bros.' *Free Willy*, which is being dubbed "an aquatic *E.T.*," is not only outperforming *Batman* and *Lethal Weapon 3*, it's getting the highest scores in the studio's test-marketing history.

Although children's films always earn inflated numbers in test screenings, insiders say *Free Willy* is charming adults as well—the trailer received an enthusiastic response at the recent Show West convention in Las Vegas. "I cried from beginning to end," says one jaded player who has seen the film. "That's the type of movie this is."



A BOY AND HIS WHALE: Richter & Willy

The \$20 million film, directed by **Simon Wincer** (*Quigley Down Under*), revolves around a young boy (newcomer **Jason James Richter**) who devises a complicated scheme to free a friendly mammal from a run-down aquarium. Warner, realizing it may have a potential smash on its hands, has moved into marketing high gear. Movie posters and trailers will emphasize the morose face of Willy in captivity. A series of sneak previews closer to the film's June 18 release are being planned to help spread good word of mouth. "Basically," says a Warner source, "we're going to screen the s--- out of it."

As of yet, competing studios have no plans to get out of the way of this potential killer whale, but such moves seem imminent. Says one source, laughing: "Everybody's afraid of being Moby Dicked around." —RM

FUNNIES GIRL

SHE HAS BEEN the subject of three TV movies, endless exposés, and numerous tell-alls, including *Amy Fisher: My Story* (Pocket Books, \$22), just out in bookstores. What's left for the **Amy Fisher** story? The big leagues: comic books and trading cards.

First Amendment Publishing, a Long Island trading-card company, has branched into comic books with *The Joey Buttafuoco/Amy Fisher Story*, a he said/she said account of the alleged love triangle. The \$3 comic book—being distributed in the U.S., Canada, and Britain—reportedly sold 10,000 copies in its first day of release. "Spiderman doesn't sell that well," says Larry Spitz, owner of L&S Comics in Merrick, N.Y. "X-Men doesn't even sell that well." Buoyed by its success, First Amendment has issued a \$5 limited edition of the comic book that comes with trading cards featuring Joey, Amy, and Mary Jo.

No reaction from the Fisher camp, but Joey, who's waiting to hear if a grand jury will indict him for statutory rape, has been autographing copies in front of the Nassau County courthouse. Spitz is trying to arrange a formal autograph-signing session at his store—"Provided he's not indicted, of course." Everybody's got his limit. —Sharon Isaak and Tina Jordan



LOVE AND MARRIAGE: Scenes from his side

JIM MULLEN'S
HOT SHEET

What the country is talking about this week...

1 AMY FISHER'S BOOK

Good thing she can't sell it door-to-door.

2 WILLIE NELSON

On the road again with his best album in years. Where else does he have to go?

3 DELTA BURKE

She's taken Tom Arnold's time slot after *Roseanne*. But she lets him park wherever he wants.

4 THE PRESIDENT ON CHEERS

They've offered the Republicans equal time...on *Star Search*.

5 MIKE TYSON'S MUSLIM NAME

Malcolm Ox.

6 APRIL 15

The best things in life are free. After this, you'll be able to afford so many of them.

7 SPURS POSSE

Once upon a time you couldn't talk about sex in school. Now you can letter in it.

8 DEBBIE GIBSON

Turned down an "offer" to appear nude in *Playboy*. It didn't take long to go from teen idol to just idle, did it?

9 K-GARTH

A radio station plays all Garth Brooks, all the time. He'll be around a lot longer than they will.

10 SUSAN LUCCI

If she had won an Emmy 14 years ago, no one but soap opera fans would know who she is.

11 HEE-HAW

What's worse—thinking it had been canceled years ago or knowing it was still on?

12 SIX FLAGS VS. DISNEY WORLD

Bugs Bunny tangles with Mr. Mouse. It's a small, vengeful world after all.

13 SHELLEY LONG

Crawling back to television after a dismal movie career. *Good Advice* would have been to stick with *Cheers*.

14 JAMES BROWN

He's threatening to sue rappers for sampling his music. Papa's brand-new bag is a briefcase.

15 BILL WYMAN'S EX-WIFE'S MOM

The former Rolling Stone's 30-year-old son plans to marry his onetime stepgrandmother. They'll have to do the family tree in pencil.

Happily Ever Oscar

WATCH OUT, **Julia Roberts**—there's a new ingenue in town. Thanks to her Oscar-night upset for *My Cousin Vinny*, **Marisa Tomei** has been voted the Next Big Thing. The Brooklyn-born actress has received six or seven scripts—"firm offers"—since her Best Supporting Actress win, according to a source close to Tomei. "She's moved into the leading-lady echelon," says the source.

Although no contracts have been signed, one of the two

films Tomei will most likely do is a sequel to *Vinny*, which original screenwriter Dale Launer is currently penning. The second is *Him*, a romantic comedy directed by **Norman Jewison** about a young woman who travels to Venice to find the man of her dreams. Capturing the lead in *Him*, which could begin shooting this May, is considered a coup. Other actresses reportedly linked to the film have included Roberts, **Michelle Pfeiffer**, **Demi Moore**, and **Susan Sarandon**.

The surest sign that Tomei has arrived: the dramatic increase in her asking price. According to sources, she was paid less than \$200,000 for *Vinny*; since the Oscar win, her fee has jumped to \$2 million. —*Ryan Murphy*



SHE'S GOTTA HAVE HIM: A winning Tomei

GO FIGURE

Monroe Doctrine

COULD America's sex goddess have died from an enema? That's only one of many provocative theses in **Donald Spoto's** new biography, *Marilyn Monroe* (HarperCollins). Some others, according to Spoto:

- ◆ Monroe's age when first married: **16**
- ◆ Monroe's mother's age at her first marriage: **14**
- ◆ Number of times Monroe (and her mother) married: **3**
- ◆ Number of men who could have been Monroe's father: **5**
- ◆ Number of magazines she appeared on in 1946, her first year modeling: **33**
- ◆ Amount Monroe was paid weekly for her first Fox movie contract: **\$75**
- ◆ Amount she was paid for 1953's *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*: **\$15,000**
- ◆ Number of films she made in her first eight years in Hollywood: **24**
- ◆ Number she made in her last eight: **5**
- ◆ Number of times the author thinks Monroe slept with President John F. Kennedy: **1**
- ◆ Number of times the author believes she slept with Robert Kennedy: **0**

SWEET 16:
With first husband **James Dougherty**



PHOTOGRAPH BY ATEL FOGG



ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD MCQUEEN

Now Hear This

HAVE YOU noticed used CDs suddenly popping up at major record stores? The record companies have—and they're not happy about it.

At \$7 to \$9 each, these CDs are manna to consumers used to paying the list price of \$16.99 for the newest **Garth Brooks** or **Madonna** release—especially since CDs wear far better than LPs do. But at a record-industry convention last month, the labels told the retail chains to stay out of the used market or risk losing millions in advertising dollars and merchandising discounts.

"If every store in America sold used CDs, it would ultimately cause us to raise prices," argues Russ Bach, president of CEMA, the powerful distribution arm of Capitol and EMI Records. "If our sales drop...how else do we compensate artists?"

"But the customers seem to be in favor of it," says Bruce Jesse, a vice president of Wherehouse, one of Southern California's largest record chains. It isn't hard to see why. At a Wherehouse store in Los Angeles, we found **Michael Bolton's** *Time, Love & Tenderness* selling for just \$8.99, and the **Traveling Wilburys' Vol. 3** for a rock-bottom \$5.99.

Most of this recycled music comes from customer trade-ins and returns. But that doesn't bother the majority of consumers. Walking up to the counter at Los Angeles' Recycled Records, Steve Rosenberg, a 39-year-old physician, proudly holds **Black Uhuru's** *Iron Storm* and **Miles Davis' Dingo**, each tagged at \$8.99. "My basic feeling," he confides, "is that a used one is as good as a new one." —Dave DiMartino

THIS ONE IS DIFFERENT
INTRODUCING...the workout video for real women with real bodies

Jaclyn Smith

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F L A S H E S

NIGHT AL: He just won his first Oscar after eight nominations, but **Al Pacino**'s not resting on that laurel. The 52-year-old actor, honored for his portrayal of a tango-dancing blind man in *Scent of a Woman*, is back in New York for his role as an ex-drug-runner-turned-nightclub-owner in *Carlito's Way*. Ever the Method actor, Pacino club-crawled with costars **Sean Penn** and **Penelope Ann Miller**. "There has been a lot of hanging out outside of work," says Miller, who plays Pacino's dancer girlfriend. "Al has taken us out to dinner, and next week we're all going out dancing to salsa clubs." Evidently, *Woman* wasn't Pacino's last tango. —Melina Gerosa



SALSA VÉRITÉ: Pacino

PAGE TURNER: Kathleen Turner has a new role—as a library mom in her 5-year-old daughter Rachel's private school in Manhattan. Turner regularly reads classics like *Goldilocks* to the starstruck tykes. "Kids want to know about **Jessica Rabbit**," Turner says. "They say, 'Was that really you?'" —Cindy Pearlman



CLASS ACT: Turner

DOCUDRAMA: *Liberators: Fighting on Two Fronts in World War II* is now engaged in a battle of its own. The Oscar-nominated documentary has come under fire for its premise—that a black battalion, the 761st, liberated the Buchenwald and Dachau concentration camps. PBS' flagship station, New York's WNET, partially funded the documentary and is reviewing its accuracy with the help of Emmy-winning documentarian Mort Silverstein (*C. Everett Koop, M.D.: Children at Risk*). At least one eyewitness stands behind the film. "It was April 11, 1945, when I saw the first black soldiers coming through the main gate," says Buchenwald survivor Benjamin Bender, 64, who appears in *Liberators*. "For me, they were like giants—they were beautiful." —Meredith Berkman

HOWARD'S END? Stern

THEY'RE NO ANGELS: Frat Boys of the Month Award goes to **Matt Dillon**, **Billy Baldwin**, **D.B. Sweeney**, and **Denis Leary**, who were palling around at a recent screening of the new **Robert De Niro**-**Ellen Barkin** film, *This Boy's Life*. The foursome cracked jokes and whispered in the back row like a bunch of male-bonding brats—until De Niro appeared on the screen for the first time. At that point, they became as silent as altar boys. When De Niro talks... —Sharon Isaak

SPLIT DECISION: What a difference a word makes. *Benny & Joon*, opening April 16, focuses on the bittersweet romance between a highly functioning schizophrenic (**Mary Stuart Masterson**) and the eccentric who falls for her (**Johnny Depp**), but the term *schizophrenia* has been edited out because it turned off test audiences. "It's a loaded word," says Susan Arnold, who coproduced the movie with Donna Roth. "The audience couldn't get past the label of her illness." Roth insists the goal isn't to sanitize the film. "We're not shying away from the fact she's mentally ill," she says. "It's more about how you don't have to be perfect to have love." —Julianne Garey



WORD WARY: Depp, Masterson

STERN WARNING: Ever since Election Day, radio deejay **Howard Stern** has been bragging that President Clinton's watchdog wonks would go easier on him and his employer, the Infinity Broadcast Corporation, than the conservative Bush administration did. But the shock jock may be in for a rude awakening. "Infinity and Stern are going to get nailed if they violate the rules," says interim FCC chairman James Quello. "I've listened to the show, and I don't like it. He's just a smart-ass." The 78-year-old Quello is a Democrat but has long backed conservative broadcasting policy. He prefers standard talk radio over Stern's highly rated morning show. Stern, who talks to the press only on his own terms, didn't return calls. —Alan Mirabella



There are very good reasons to be afraid of the dark.

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STEPHEN KING

WRITTEN FOR THE SCREEN AND DIRECTED BY
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THE DARK HALF

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OPENS FRIDAY  APRIL 23rd

A TriStar is Reborn

BY JULIANN GAREY

Just who is putting the once-falling studio back on the map?

NOT LONG AGO, the word on the street about TriStar Pictures chairman Mike Medavoy and his beleaguered studio was so bad that on Jan. 10 *The New York Times* reported that he had been "relieved of his duties."

As it happened, the report of Medavoy's professional demise was greatly exaggerated. Not only did the *Times* have to run a correction, but just three months later, TriStar—with a full production slate, deals with some of Hollywood's hottest filmmakers, and a strong roster of summer/fall releases—seems to have engineered a stunning turnaround.

Among the projects to be released under the tutelage of Medavoy:

◆ **CLIFFHANGER** This action thriller, shot in the Italian Alps and directed by Renny Harlin (*Die Hard 2*), stars Sylvester Stallone and Janine Turner and opens May 28.

◆ **SLEEPLESS IN SEATTLE** On the strength of test screenings, which showed the film could compete nicely with the summer blockbusters, TriStar has rescheduled Nora Ephron's romance starring Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan for a late-June release.

◆ **PHILADELPHIA** Jonathan Demme's fall drama about an HIV-positive lawyer (Hanks) who sues the firm that fires him is the first major studio film to tackle AIDS; it also stars Denzel Washington and Mary Steenburgen.

TriStar has similarly prestigious projects in development, most notably *Frankenstein*, directed by Kenneth Branagh (and perhaps starring Robert De Niro as the monster); *Get Shorty*, based on Elmore Leonard's best-seller, directed by Barry Sonnenfeld, and starring Danny DeVito; *Mary Reilly*, an updated Jekyll-Hyde story directed by *Batman* visionary Tim Burton; and *The Mirror Has Two Faces*, a Barbra Streisand project.

Whether this resurgence can be credited to the 52-year-old Medavoy (whose job may still hang in the balance) or to stepped-up involvement

by Peter Guber, 50, who heads TriStar's parent company, Sony Pictures Entertainment, is hotly debated within the industry. "This place is rife with rumors," says a TriStar source. In either event, the comeback is startling. TriStar had a paltry nine movies in release in 1992, and among those were three box office failures: Woody Allen's *Husbands and Wives*, the expensive biopic *Chaplin*, and the sailing misadventure, *Wind*. There wasn't much in the pipeline as little as six months ago; the only release in the early months of '93 was *Sniper*, which was postponed from last year. Carolco, a major supplier of the studio's movies, was in financial turmoil. And TriStar's share of domestic box office revenues fell sharply, from 10.9 percent in 1991 to 6.6 percent in 1992. Things looked grim for everyone but the lawyers.

Because parent Sony already owned another studio (Columbia), many industry insiders questioned the need for TriStar's continued existence. And on top of all that, the buzz around the Sony commissary was that Medavoy was spending more time on the presidential campaign, gunning for a Clinton administration cabinet post, than on making movies.

Through it all, Medavoy, one of the founding members of Orion Studios in 1978, has stayed remarkably unrattled. What is being perceived as a "rebirth," he says, is simply a matter of projects and deals long in the works coming to fruition. TriStar's lackluster '92 performance, he insists, was due to a delay in development that occurred when he installed a new production team, headed by Marc Platt, 35, formerly



JEWELS IN THE CROWN:
High-profile directors Demme, top, and Ephron are part of TriStar's new royalty



actively, she had no involvement with Guber until she met him at a test screening of *Sleepless*; before that, "the only thing I'd heard from Peter Guber was the word *duet*." As in: He wanted one in *Sleepless*, preferably one with high music-video potential to help sell the film. "It got sort of comical," says Ephron. "It was relayed to us about every eight days in case we'd forgotten. One thing you have to know about Peter is that when he gets an idea, he gets an idea."

Demme says the regard he developed for Medavoy at Orion is what brought him to TriStar. After Medavoy left Orion in early 1990, "I was anxious to see him reestablish himself as quickly as possible," he says. An-

alyzing TriStar's revival, Demme adds, "A Haitian proverb comes to mind: Little by little the bird builds its nest."

Some industry sources say that other deals—specifically Rudin's—never would have happened without Guber negotiating them. "Although," says one, "if you ask Guber that, he'll run for the hills."

"I absolutely do *not* get involved in deals with filmmakers," retorts Guber, who claims to leave the creative decisions to Medavoy. "I think the sense of renewal at TriStar is internal. It's their own willingness to believe in themselves, to reinvent themselves. Being a winner doesn't mean you don't get knocked down. A winner is somebody who gets knocked down and gets back up again."

Of course faith, in Hollywood, can have a short life span. With two years remaining on his contract and a summer of box office business yet to be tested, it will be a while before Hollywood knows whether Medavoy will be left standing—even if TriStar wins the fight. ♦

THREE FOR THE HIGH ROAD:

Left, Sony's Guber is flanked by TriStar head Mike Medavoy, left, and Columbia chairman Mark Canton; below, prestige projects from the studio include *Cliffhanger*, top, and *Sleepless in Seattle*

of Orion, and Stacey Lassally, 31, formerly of Guber/Peters Entertainment. "What motivated me was not going too fast," he concedes, "and maybe I went a little too slow." He also blames the halt of production at Carolco, which had given TriStar about four movies a year, including *Basic Instinct*.

To fight back, Medavoy has spent the last six months lobbying—and signing—some of Hollywood's biggest talent. "The plan has always been to have important filmmakers here and to have at least 12 to 15 pictures a year, but we are being much more aggressive about developing sources for our movies," he says. "There's no question about that." He has a deal in the works with producer Scott Rudin (*Sister Act*, *The Addams Family*), as well as additional projects with director Demme (who worked with Medavoy at Orion), and writer-director Ephron.

Medavoy not only has their deals—he apparently has their respect, too. Ephron calls Medavoy, Platt, and Lassally "dream people to make movies with because they come from the let-the-filmmaker-make-the-film school." She says that despite rumors that Medavoy is under Guber's thumb cre-



Moving On Up...to Detroit?

BY ALAN CARTER AND BRUCE FRETTS

*The cast of
'The Jeffersons'
dusts off its
hit sitcom
for the stage*

WHERE'S MARLA GOING?" Sherman Hemsley asks as Marla Gibbs ambles to a corner of the threadbare San Fernando Valley, Calif., studio where most of *The Jeffersons*' cast has reunited for a stage version of its smash 1975-85 sitcom. "She went to put on makeup," says Roxie Roker, who is reprising her role as the Jeffersons' neighbor Helen Willis.

"Do we have a trowel?" Hemsley snorts.

Make no mistake: George Jefferson is back, and snarly as ever. In one of the three early-'80s episodes being rehearsed for *The Best of the Jeffersons*, Gibbs as Florence, the family maid, asks her boss if he minds opening a dry-cleaning store so close to New York City's Hell's Kitchen. "Every morning when I eat breakfast, you make me feel like I'm in Hell's Kitchen," Hemsley shoots back.

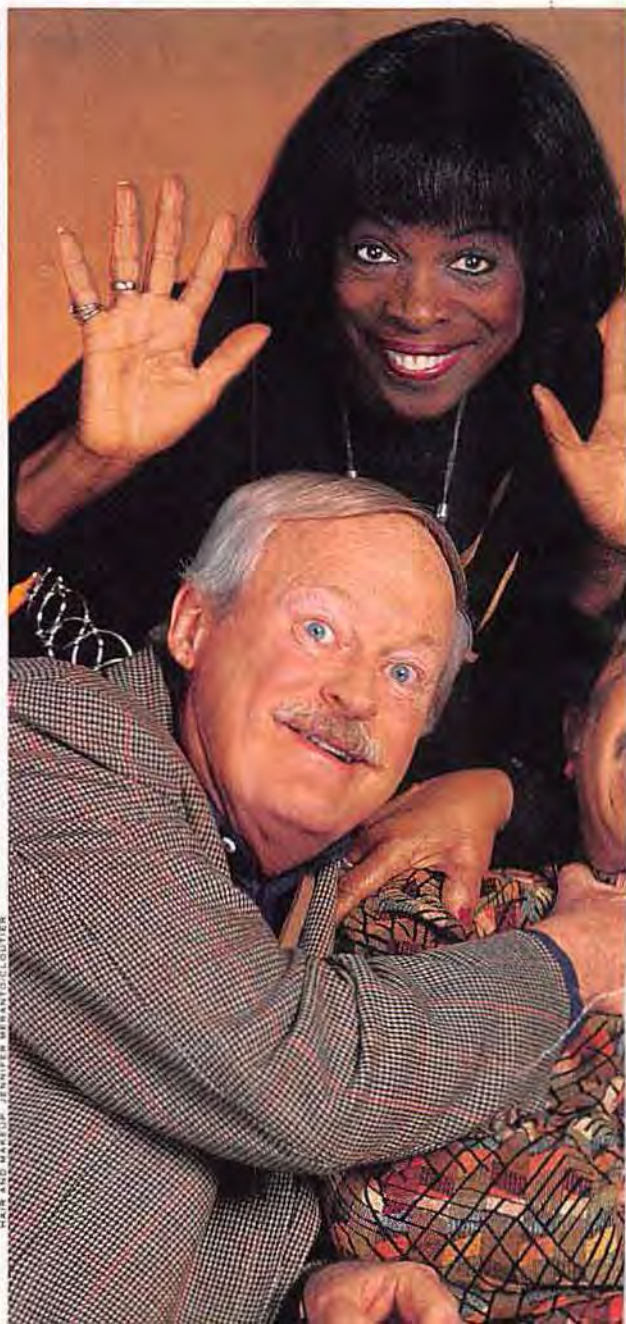
It's not Chekhov—it's not even *Cheers*—but George Jefferson does hold a place in entertainment history. The first black character presented as an arrogant, intolerant bigot—the black Archie Bunker—George was also one of TV's first upper-income blacks, appearing nearly a decade before *The Cosby Show* began its own long run. *Jeffersons* references in the films *Basic Instinct* and *CB4* attest to its continuing influence on pop culture.

And now audiences are now handing over good money for live renditions of put-downs they can still hear for free through the magic of worldwide syndication. The 5,000-seat Fox Theatre in Detroit enjoyed brisk ticket sales for the April 8-11 opening run of *The Best*. Later this month, the cast will take the show to Fort Lauderdale, with hopes for an extended road tour. "What happens next is up to God," says Isabel Sanford, 68, who is back as George's wife, Louise ("Weezy").

The stage version of *The Jeffersons* follows in the footsteps of such TV-to-theater productions as *The Real Live Brady Bunch* and *Gilligan's Island: The Musical*, but there's one notable difference: Neither of those shows featured real live original-cast members. "All the *Brady Bunch* stuff was cutesy, cutesy," Hemsley, 55, sniffs. "I thought this would make an interesting stage comedy."

Hemsley's trowel line was clearly meant as a joke—"We really do like one another," he says of

the cast. In the eight years since the show left the air, time has taken its toll on them all, but their spirits have remained youthful. "I just turned 30," Gibbs, 61, jokes. "I started this show when I was, uh, 12." Roker, 63, pipes in: "Don't you know that black don't crack?" And Franklin Cover, 64, who plays Helen's husband, Tom, reports, "I'm a little grayer on top, and a little thinner. We have all these fat jokes—they may have to pad me."



GIBE TALKING:
Top picture,
from left, Gibbs,
Hemsley, and
Sanford in their
Jeffersons heyday;
bottom, clockwise
from top left,
Roker, Gibbs,
Sanford, Hemsley,
and Cover today



A few cast members are missing. Ned Wertimer, 63, skipped the first rehearsal because he was on vacation in Acapulco but will return as Ralph the doorman. Paul Benedict (snooty Harry Bentley), who began directing the show, left to do a film.



Damon Evans and Mike Evans, two unrelated actors who played the Jeffersons' son, Lionel, won't appear now, but one of them may join later. Damon is an opera singer in London; Mike is semiretired and lives near Palm Springs, Calif.

So why did the others decide to re-create their sitcom on the boards? Reason No. 1: no finale. "They snatched the rug from under us while we were on hiatus," Sanford recalls of *The Jeffersons'* cancellation. Adds Roker: "We had no closure."

Reason No. 2: no respect. "When a show is popular, sometimes the industry dismisses it," Cover laments and Hemsley agrees: "Maybe part of this is giving ourselves the recognition."

Reason No. 3: no cash. "All the money is gone," Gibbs says, laughing. Not that they were rich; most were unknown stage actors when the series began. "We went together to ask for raises when we heard the *Diff'rent Strokes* kids made more than us," Cover says. Their request was granted.

In the post-*Jeffersons* era, Cover returned to stage work, as did Roker, who has seen her rocker son, Lenny Kravitz, attain his own fame. Hemsley and Gibbs starred in the hit NBC sitcoms *Amen* and *227*, respectively. Sanford has done game shows and cashed residual checks—"The last one was for 99 cents," she cracks—and recently signed for an appearance on HBO's sitcom *Dream On*.

But it's for *The Jeffersons* that the cast will be best remembered. "When I go to New York, all the skycafs want my autograph," Cover says proudly.

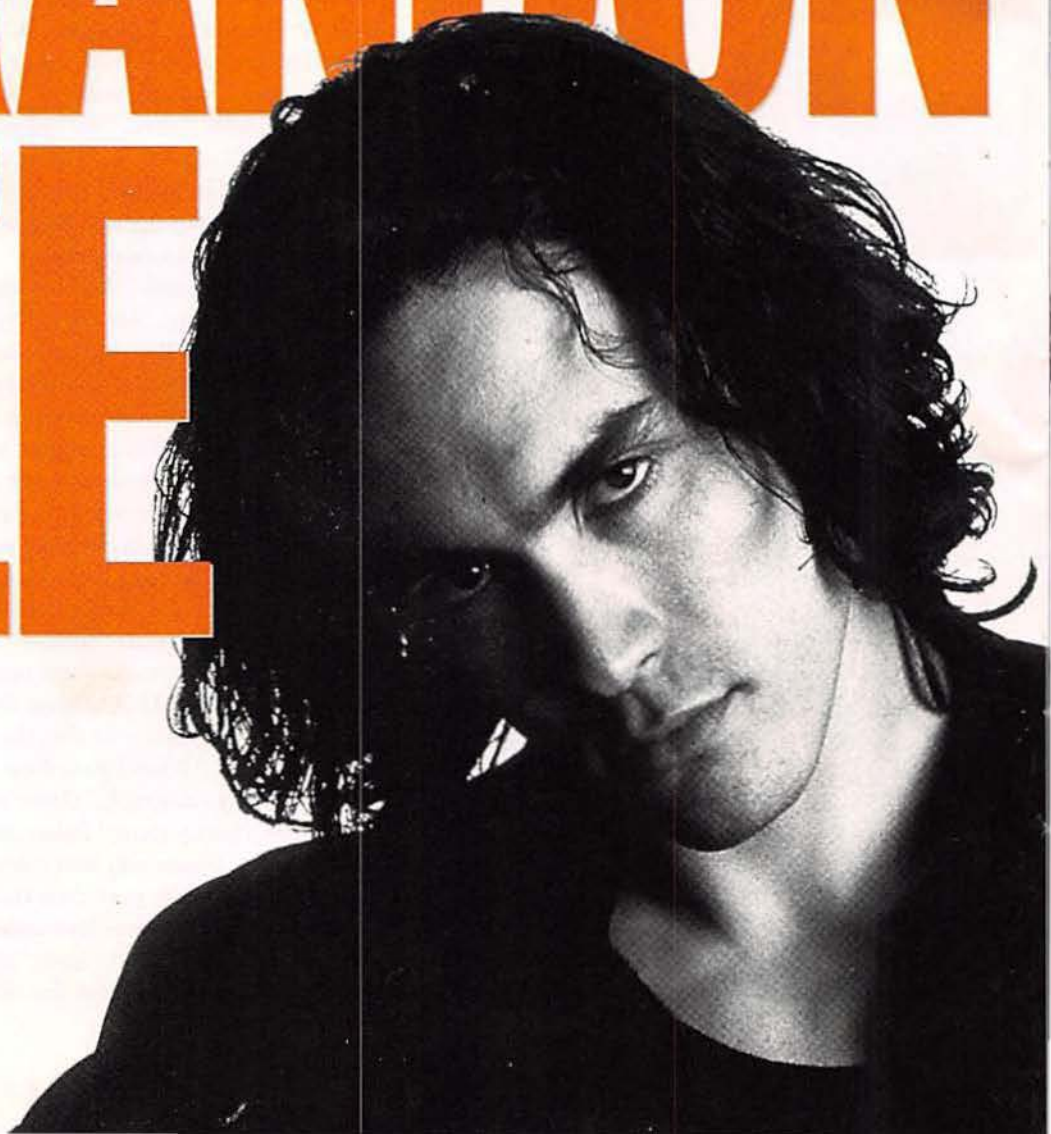
"We were a family show," Roker says. "George loved Weezy to pieces and was a working black man." And while insults were their shtick-in-trade, Hemsley notes, "There was love underneath."

"This is our work," Roker says. "It's not all going to be Shakespeare." But for now, all their world's a stage. ♦

"Our show was about human nature," says Gibbs. "It wasn't black or white."

THE BRIEF LIFE A UNNECESSARY D

BRANDON LEE



Entertainment

APRIL 16, 1993

AND DEATH OF

**WHEN HE WAS ASKED
WHERE HE'D LIKE TO
END UP, HE LAUGHED,
'OH, IN A LITTLE URN
ABOUT THIS BIG.'
THROUGH A TRAGIC
MISTAKE, HIS JOKE
BECAME A PROPHECY.**

BY MARK HARRIS

ON THE LAST NIGHT of his life, Brandon Lee decided to stop off at Wilmington's Fitness Today health club for a quick workout before heading to Carolco Studios for what promised to be an arduous evening of filming. Lee looked exhausted; in the three months since the 28-year-old actor had arrived in North Carolina to star in *The Crow*, his punishing schedule had taken a toll. The movie, a bleak, dark action melodrama about a rock musician who returns from the dead to avenge his and his girlfriend's murders, had been a brutal shoot even for an actor in Lee's superb physical condition. Al-

most all of the filming took place at night, with Lee outdoors and sometimes shirtless and barefoot in subfreezing temperatures. The script called for so much rain that when the skies didn't cooperate, stagehands would turn mechanical rain-makers on the shivering actors. On top of that, the \$14 million production had been plagued by a series of freakish incidents that ranged from the near electrocution of a carpenter to a storm that inflicted costly damage on the sets.

The stress of making *The Crow* had thrown Lee's body clock into havoc; he would wake up at four in the afternoon, work all night, and collapse into bed at 9 a.m., six days a week, "and on the seventh day," he joked, "I drink." His workouts—half an hour or so on the StairMaster, then some light barbells—kept him relaxed without turning him into the kind of muscle-bound action-film actor he detested.

Lewis E. Davis Jr., the health club's owner, walked over to greet the young man.

"You look tired," he said. "How you doing?"

"Great," said Lee.

"I thought you'd be gone by now."

"No," said Lee, "I've got until April 8."

Lee and Davis chatted a while longer, mostly about the actor's upcoming marriage to Eliza Hutton, a onetime story editor for Kiefer Sutherland's Stillwater Productions, who had been shuttling between L.A. and Wilmington so that the couple could spend time together. Their wedding was to take place April 17 in Mexico, a week after *The Crow* wrapped. In just a few more days, Lee's work would be done, and the coming week looked to be blessedly easy. Most of the scenes left were flashbacks to happier times for the character Lee was playing—meaning no rain, no freezing outdoors in the middle of the night, and less of the heavy black-and-white death-mask makeup he had to wear for much of the movie. But the shoot awaiting Lee on the night of March 30 promised something more difficult—a scene in which his character was to be gunned down by Funboy, one of *The Crow*'s villains.

After finishing his workout, Lee left Fitness Today and headed to Carolco's soundstage 4. Less than 24 hours later, he was dead. Coroners in Wilmington removed what appeared to be a .44-caliber bullet that had lodged against his spine, then released the body to his family.

Earlier in the making of *The Crow*, one of Lee's friends

had quizzed him about the safety of the film's complex action sequences.

"No, man," Lee reassured him. "Nobody ever gets hurt doin' that stuff. They've worked it out."

IN THE week since Brandon Lee's certainty about his own safety was proven tragically wrong, speculation about exactly how he came to be fatally wounded while filming a major motion picture has encompassed everything from a vendetta by the Chinese Mafia to a curse on his late father, the martial-arts star Bruce Lee. But in all likelihood, the cause of Brandon Lee's death is simpler, and so perhaps more horrifying: Somebody made a mistake.

At about 12:30 in the morning on March 31, cameras began to roll on a scene in which Lee's character, Eric, comes through a door carrying a grocery bag and is shot once. Alex Proyas, an Australian music-video director making his first American feature, had cameras capturing two different angles on the scene, as well as a video hookup in one camera to record the action for quick playback. Actor Michael Masee, who played Funboy, was supposed to fire a .44-caliber revolver at Lee from a distance of about 15 feet, at which point Lee would detonate a squib (a small explosive charge) planted in the grocery bag to simulate the rip-and-shred effect of the bullet. As risky as that may sound, it was nothing compared with a scene that had been filmed just a week earlier in which Lee had been "shot"—and "squibbed"—about 50 times per take. *The Crow's* special-effects man, J.B. Jones, had years of experience dealing with weapons on the TV series *Miami Vice*, and stunt coordinator Jeff Imada was also on the soundstage and had attended rehearsals of the scene, offering advice. However, since all the work involving semiautomatic weapons on *The Crow* had been finished days earlier, the film's weapons specialist had already left the set.

As a crew of between 75 and 100 people looked on, Masee fired the gun, the squib in the grocery bag detonated on cue, and Lee fell to the ground. Not until the scene ended and Lee failed to get up did anyone realize he had been shot. "It didn't really appear to the people on the



GALLOWS HUMOR: Lee in 1989 with the '59 Cadillac hearse he bought with earnings from his first feature

set like anything was wrong," according to one eyewitness.

What the cast and crew of *The Crow* saw soon enough was that Lee was bleeding profusely from the right side of his abdomen. An ambulance was called, and emergency medical technicians raced the unconscious actor to New Hanover Regional Medical Center. When he was brought in shortly after 1 a.m., doctors discovered a silver-dollar-size entry wound, stabilized him "as best as possible," and rushed him into surgery. For five hours they tried to repair extensive vascular and intestinal damage and stem bleeding so severe that Lee was eventually transfused with 60 pints of blood—the equivalent

of a full supply for five grown men.

Lee's fiancée flew to Wilmington as soon as she heard of the shooting. When she reached the hospital, Lee was in the trauma-neuro intensive care unit. He never awakened. With Hutton at his side, Lee died at 1:04 p.m. According to a source, the cause of death was disseminated intravascular coagulopathy—unstoppable internal hemorrhaging caused by the blood's failure to clot.

Within hours of Lee's shooting, an astonishing array of rumors—many of which had lain dormant since Bruce Lee's mysterious death from a brain edema in 1973—were breathlessly revived and circulated. Brandon Lee, it was said, was murdered by the Triads, a group of organized criminals with ties to the entertainment industry in Hong Kong and Taiwan, who were angry that Lee wouldn't work in their films. Others pointed to an uncanny similarity between Lee's killing and a scene in his father's final film, *Game of Death*, in which Bruce Lee's character, shooting a movie-



FINAL JOURNEY: Loading the body

NOT UNTIL THE SCENE ENDED DID ANYONE REALIZE HE HAD BEEN SHOT. "IT DIDN'T REALLY APPEAR TO PEOPLE ON THE SET LIKE ANYTHING WAS WRONG."

within-the-movie, gets hit by a real bullet while pretending to die of gunshot wounds. A two-decade-old tabloid favorite, the idea that the Chinese Mafia had killed Bruce Lee as punishment for his exposure of ancient martial-arts secrets on film, was dusted off and attached to his son.

On the set of *The Crow*, meanwhile, speculation took a more practical turn. From the scene of the shooting, Wilmington police confiscated film and videotape, the revolver, and two empty shell casings, one from a blank and one from a

"dummy" bullet—film-industry terminology for a cartridge that has no gunpowder and is intended for use when a filmmaker requires close-ups of realistic-looking bullets. Within days, a detailed theory about what might have gone wrong emerged: While preparing the gun for use in a close-up, second-unit crew members on *The Crow* may have altered a dummy bullet by cutting off its end and placing its lead tip in the chamber. When the close-up was finished, the gun may have been handed off to a prop man who put it on a truck, then refilled

it with blanks, inadvertently leaving the lead tip deep in one chamber. When Massee eventually fired the gun, the lead tip would have flown out, propelled by the blank with some, though not all, of the impact of a loaded .44.

But even assuming that that accidental scenario is correct, some troubling issues remain. In ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY's interviews with Secret Service agents as well as special-effects, props, and firearms experts within the film industry, the following questions were raised:

◆ Why wasn't Lee given a protective vest, the standard industry practice whenever an actor is within 20 feet of a firearm aimed toward him?

◆ Why did the bullet hit Lee when almost all weapons and effects experts advise actors to aim away, knowing that film directors can then "cheat" the shot to make the actor's aim appear dead-on?

◆ Was J.B. Jones, *The Crow*'s special-effects man, shortcutting by doubling as a weapons supervisor on the night of the shooting?

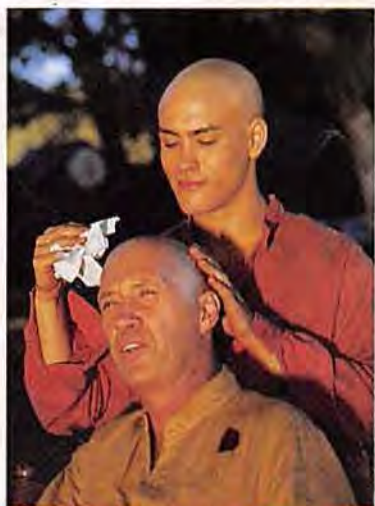
◆ Was the fact that much of *The Crow*'s nonunion crew was working, by some accounts, exceptionally long and late hours a contributing factor?

◆ Why, given the potential danger to Lee from both the gun and the grocery-bag squib, was no weapons specialist—the final arbiter of a gun's safety—present on the set? Was it because the film's producers were trying to save money by reducing the number of days the specialist was paid?

A chain of coincidences as elaborate as those questions suggest is one reason that some in the Wilmington Police Department have left open the possibility of foul play. But if, in fact, Brandon Lee was killed by accident, a more wrenching question lingers: How could the safety net on *The Crow* have fallen apart to such a degree that a prop gun was allowed to become a lethal weapon?

BRANDON LEE'S DEATH brought to a grimly abrupt conclusion the production of a film that had already seen more than its share of disasters. "Pictures have personalities, and there are some that don't want to get made," *The Crow*'s executive producer, Robert L. Rosen, said last month. "I would certainly put this one into that category." Indeed, "the curse of *The Crow*," as some of the film's crew members labeled it, had cast a pall over the set since Feb. 1, the first day of principal photography, when Jim Martishius, a 27-year-old carpenter, was severely burned by a live power line that hit his crane. That same evening, the production's grip truck, parked on the Carolco backlot, caught fire. "After that," says the film's unit publicist, Jason Scott, "people started keeping track of everything that happened."

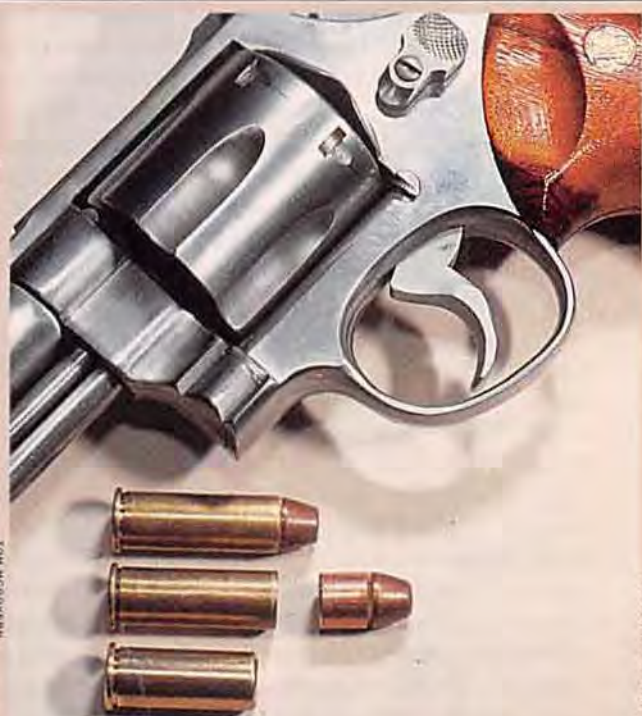
The list of bizarre incidents quickly grew. A construction worker accidentally put a screwdriver through his hand; a disgruntled set sculptor rammed into *The Crow*'s plaster-sculpture studio with his car; a drive-by shooting occurred just blocks from a *Crow* location. Soon after, some crew mem-



HEAD TRIP: Lee (top) and Carradine

LETHAL WEAPON

Brandon Lee was shot with a bullet fired by actor Michael Massee (below) from a .44-caliber revolver like the one at right. Movies use dummy slugs without gunpowder (top and middle bullets) for close-ups of a loaded gun. A dummy tip may have been left in the *Crow* pistol when it should have been replaced by a blank (bottom).



bers on *The Hudsucker Proxy*, a dark comedy starring Tim Robbins and Paul Newman that was sharing studio space with *The Crow*, began keeping tabs on all of the catastrophes that were emanating from the set next door. ("It was kind of a hobby here for a while," says one *Hudsucker* crew member.) On occasion, the *Crow* crew even joined in the smiling-through-chaos spirit. "I told them our unit photographer had broken a tooth on a craft service bagel," says production coordinator Jennifer Roth.

Just when the man-made accidents seemed to abate, natural disasters joined in to make the remainder of the shoot as difficult as possible—notably a March 13 storm that destroyed the set. "My next movie," joked producer Rosen after that, "is gonna be two people in a phone booth."

But none of the rigors of shooting *The Crow* fazed its energetic star in the least. "I'm really enjoying it," said Brandon Lee in one of his final interviews. "It's an opportunity for me...a plum role. It's got a haunted quality that I really like." Ten years after dropping out of high school, Lee was on the verge of realizing his dream—a chance to star in a movie in which his role did not depend on the martial artistry he had been learning since he was 2 years old. By last summer, Lee had become so determined to build a reputation on his own that he turned down a chance to play his father in Universal's biopic *Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story* (the film opens in May with Jason Scott Lee—no relation—in the title role).

The Crow promised Lee something different—a brooding, mood-heavy adaptation of a cult comic book (see story on page 22) that would rest more on his acting skills than on his athletic prowess. Lee, who had been working hard in his acting class on scenes from David Rabe's play *Hurlyburly*, longed to portray what he described as "a character driven to the edge of his capabilities...who has so much to deal with [that] he can't respond rationally anymore." Among those talked about for the role had been River Phoenix, Christian Slater, and singer-guitarist Charlie Sexton. But Lee's affinity for the part was so evident that executive producer Edward R. Pressman began to think of *The Crow* as the potential opener to a whole series of films starring the darkly handsome actor.

Standing six feet tall and weighing a lean, tautly muscled 160 pounds, Lee had an astonishing physical resemblance to the agile, dark-browed comic-book character. Beyond that, his bent for a kind of brashly morbid wit suited *The Crow* perfectly. Lee, after all, used his earnings from the 1986 Cantonese film *Legacy of Rage* to buy himself a 1959 Cadillac hearse. His attitude, however, was jaunty rather than doom-struck: When a reporter asked him where he'd like to end up, his reply came casually: "Oh, in a little urn about this big."

Arriving in Wilmington in January, Lee first rented a house on Figure Eight Island and then moved to Carolina Beach, which was closer to the set and enabled him to travel without a chauffeur. As filming began, he did his best to accommodate himself to the long nights and sound-asleep days of *The Crow*'s schedule. "In the past few months, I've been realizing that I'd like to see the sun for once," he complained late in the shooting, adding wistfully, "I haven't done anything here except make the movie."

When Lee did have free time, he would sometimes drop

BRANDON LEE, 1965-1993

REBEL WITH A CAUSE

IN THAT FIRST MOMENT, when Brandon Lee was shot on the set of *The Crow* and didn't get up, crew members thought he was joking. He was that kind of guy—a prankster with a sense of the macabre, a goofy, likable, committed actor who drove around in a hearse, a young man who would call up friends and, without a word of salutation, blurt out a joke, howl at the punch line, and hang up.

He never did anything halfway. "There was a contained, focused power to Brandon," says his manager of eight years, Jan McCormack, speaking for Lee's friends and family. "If he hugged you, you knew you were hugged. If he smiled at you, you knew you'd been smiled at."

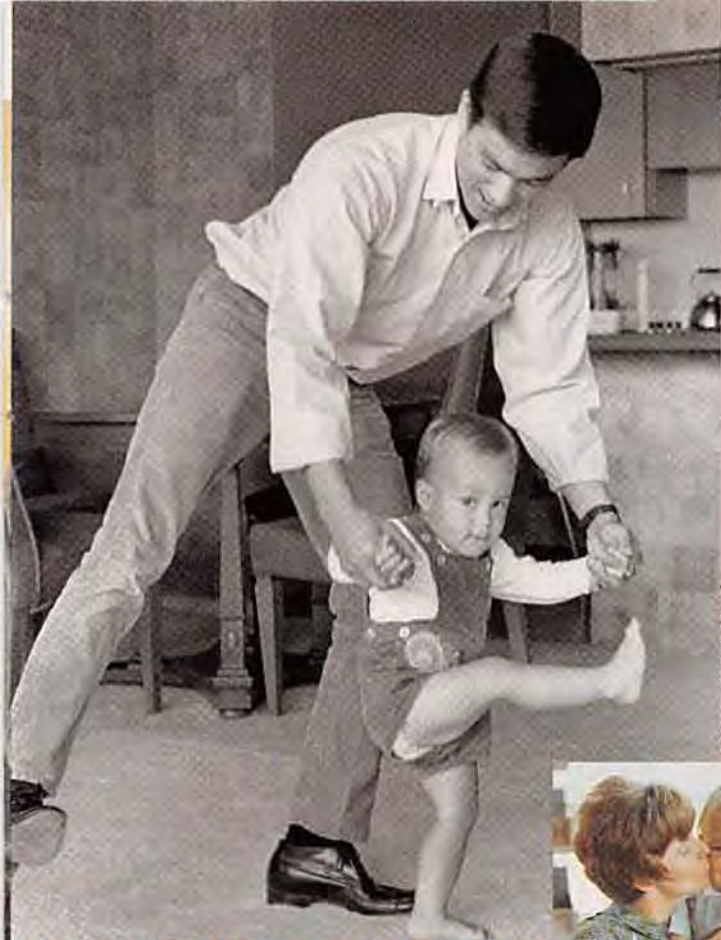
Lee's 28 years on earth were intense, much of the time spent wrestling with the legacy left to him by his father, formidable martial-arts superstar Bruce Lee. When McCormack first met Brandon, who asked her if being Bruce Lee's son would help or hinder an acting career, he was wearing big black boots, torn jeans, a red bandanna. "He looked like a rebel with a cause," she says. And his cause was both simple and awfully complicated: He wanted to live up to his father.

Brandon began learning martial arts around the time he learned to walk. Dad started by teaching him a simple kick. By age 6, the child could turn a board to kindling. The grunts and cries of his father's circle of students, including Steve McQueen and James Coburn, echoed through Brandon's whole life.

"None of my friends would come over to the house when I was a kid because they were all scared to death," he said not long ago. "There would always be six or seven grown men in the backyard screaming and throwing each other

BELOVED: With fiancée Hutton





DOMINIQUE PHOTOS

UND-THE-HOUSE KICK: At age 2 with dad Bruce in 1967

around. I finally got one of my friends to come over, and just as he arrived, Lew Alcindor—I mean Kareem Abdul-Jabbar—came in and scared the living s--- out of this kid, who ran home screaming."

When his San Francisco-born father died in 1973 in Hong Kong of an edema (swelling) of the brain, Brandon's mother, Linda, an American, moved her 8-year-old son and 3-year-old daughter, Shannon, to the U.S., where they eventually made a new start in affluent Rolling Hills, Calif. But by then, the coroner's verdict of the elder Lee's "death by misadventure" had become the stuff of eerie legend. Ever since, the tabloids have linked Lee's death to drugs and voodoo and the Chinese mob, never letting the young Lee forget his grief.

A sad childhood gave way to a rocky adolescence. Brandon dropped his martial-arts studies for a while and ignored the pressure to carry on his father's craft, Jeet Kune Do, a modernized form of kung fu that Bruce Lee created himself. "I was like, 'Hey! Wait a minute!'" he recalled. "Where was my vote in this? So I blew it off." He was kicked out of two high schools and dropped out of a third in his senior year. His rage and confusion fueled a singular ambition: to sort out his feelings on screen. "You have questions that you want to answer about yourself," he said. "If you're an actor, you're sick enough to want to answer those questions in a public forum."

He always said—only half kidding—that he wanted to play Hamlet, but the only doors open to Bruce Lee's son led to the genre that made his father famous. In 1985 Brandon landed a role in a TV movie, *Kung Fu: The Movie*, costarring David



SCION: In mother Linda's arms

GARY TRIVOLARI/PHOTOS

Carradine. His first feature was *Legacy of Rage*, a 1986 film shot entirely in Cantonese (which Brandon spoke). McCormack signed him the same night she saw the film.

Brandon didn't want to trade on his last name, yet he couldn't bring himself to change it. When McCormack warned him that he was holding himself back by downplaying his pedigree, Brandon went to his mother for advice. "He came to me later that night," says McCormack, "and he said, 'I just came from my mom. She said my dad would be proud to have me carry on.' He was finally able to accept the fact that this was what he had left him."

His first major Hollywood role was in the 1991 Dolph Lundgren flick, *Showdown in Little Tokyo*. He also got the lead role in last summer's *Rapid Fire*. But he was never comfortable with action films. "What worries me are the special-effects scenes," he told a reporter last August. "You're not in control if a roof is supposed to collapse on you and you have to trust that it's rigged properly. The accident on *The Twilight Zone* [see story on page 23] is always in the back of your mind."

Despite his dark humor, and whatever grim-reaper publicity he did for *The Crow*, death was not on his mind when he made his last movie. Brandon was engaged to marry former film-story editor Eliza Hutton on April 17 in Mexico and had already completed the first in a three-film deal with Twentieth Century Fox. And he was no longer spooked by his father's ghost. When Lee noted recently that "a large part of my life revolves around my dad," it was without a trace of bitterness. "Sometimes," he said, "I even feel a strong sense of connection, something very tangible when I learn something new in the martial arts. I feel a sense of excitement, like, 'Oh yeah, gee, he must have felt like that.'" —*Jess Cagle, with reporting by Dimitri Ehrlich and Frank Spotnitz*



PHOTOGRAPH BY MEX INVEST

GONE TOO SOON: At rest alongside his father in Seattle

by the Mint Julep, a downtown hangout favored by the film's crew and extras, who would often show up still in costume as menacing motorcycle thugs; there, he would shoot a game or two of pool, keeping to himself. Lee also spent a good deal of time at the health club, where he would indulge his delight in macabre humor for a small but impressed audience. "He came in one morning," says owner Davis, "with a bloodstain on him, and he said, 'Oh, look, I've been shot!' He held up his shirt and said, 'I can't get this stuff off my stomach!' They'd put dye on it or something." On another day, Lee came in still wearing the latex scars that *The Crow*'s makeup artists had glued to his torso and arms. "He worked out that night," says Davis, "and all the stuff fell off onto my floor. To help him, we had to pick up his scars."

Lee also spent time with J.K. Loftin, a local musician and teacher who helped the actor prepare for scenes in which he had to play the guitar. "He was always wearing black jeans and a black T-shirt, and he had this guitar—actually kind of a cheap guitar—that they got him," says Loftin. "I gave him three months' worth of lessons in two weeks, and he sucked it up. He was just so



TRIBUTE: At Jim Morrison's grave

**BRANDON LEE
WANTED TO PLAY
WHAT HE CALLED "A
CHARACTER DRIVEN
TO THE EDGE OF HIS
CAPABILITIES"**

sharp. He was very aware of where he came from—how could you not be?—but he was really a regular guy."

Loftin and his wife, Cathy, became friendly with Lee and Hutton, who told them of their plans for a large and festive wedding in Ensenada, Mexico: They wanted to charter a bus, take 45 of their friends over the border, and marry on a walkway to the beach. "They'd rented an entire hotel in Baja California," says Loftin. "They were very sweet together. But she was handling most of the day-to-day preparations so he could work."

In fact, Lee was devoting most of his energy to the role he felt would be his breakthrough and was evidently touched by *The Crow*'s themes of loss and resurrection. "It's a great part," he said a few weeks before his death. "My girlfriend keeps telling me that [my character] Eric is the symbol of a man who can come back and get justice for people who

never got it. That sounds a little heavy to me, but in a way I guess it's true. Eric and [his girlfriend] Shelly were engaged, and at a crucial moment, it was taken away. There are wonderful people everywhere who have awful things happen to them, who are never given a chance to do anything about it."

THE STORY BEHIND THE CROW

TRAGIC COMIC

ADDING TO the eerie aura that surrounds *The Crow*'s disaster-plagued production is the story behind the cult comic book that inspired it.

Unrelentingly dark, with touches of poetry and postpunk rock imagery, *The Crow* grew out of the fury and grief artist James O'Barr, now in his mid-30s, felt after his girlfriend was killed more than 10 years ago in a Detroit car accident. O'Barr was finishing a three-year tour of duty in the Marines when he created a hero to play out the despair he was feeling: a young man who rises from the dead to avenge his own brutal murder and that of his fiancée. All sharp angles, twisting sinews, and demonically painted features, the character, Eric—played by Brandon Lee in the movie—is a tortured vengeance seeker. "*The Crow* is without a doubt the most violent, omnivorous, tough, and soul-emptying thing I've ever done," O'Barr once said.

His comic sat on the shelf for eight years before he found a publisher. Caliber Press re-

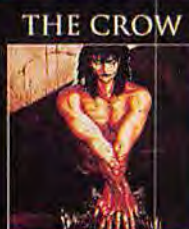
leased the first 32-page stapled book in 1989 and *The Crow* became a cult favorite. Other issues followed, later released by Tundra Publishing with color cover art, selling more than 80,000 copies in all. (Three volumes are available: *Pain & Fear*, *Irony & Despair*, and *Death*.)

In late 1990 producer Jeff Most optioned the rights to the series, and the artist was enlisted to draw preliminary storyboards. "O'Barr was very supportive of the production," says *Crow* publicist Jason D. Scott. "He'd been down here on the set and I know he and Brandon had conversations about the character."

Sources close to the production describe O'Barr, who still lives in the Detroit area, as a quiet, deeply private person. "Let's just say I know my dark side intimately," he once said.

With Brandon Lee's shooting, O'Barr's comic-book vision has once again collided with reality. The artist's dedication to the second volume of *The Crow* hints at his haunted preoccupation with the tragedy of death. "For Beverly Ann," it reads. "I'll see you in Heaven, Doll." —Julianne Garey

DEATH: The final volume



J. O'BARR

VOLUME THREE: DEATH



POINT BLANK: The hero dies

TWO DAYS AFTER Brandon Lee died, director Proyas and producers Rosen and Pressman met with the crew of *The Crow* and told them that any decision on whether the film could or should be completed would take at least a month. Some actors had already left Wilmington, and Massee, who fired the pistol, was said to be devastated and in seclusion. "We've had nothing but support from the insurance company and the completion-bond people [who serve as on-set monitors of a film's expenditures and budget]," Rosen told the assembled group. "It is our...hope that if the film can be completed," said Pressman, "it is done in a way that Brandon would be proud [of]."

But according to some reports, within days of Lee's death, there were plans afoot to alter *The Crow's* remaining scenes so that Lee's role could be shot around or cast with a double. That apparent urgency testifies to a long history of bottom-line decisions about the completion of movies whose stars die suddenly; when at all possible, the movie is finished by any means necessary. (The last major example, MGM's 1983 thriller *Brainstorm*, was extensively restructured after one of its stars, Natalie Wood, drowned three weeks before the end of shooting.) *The Crow*, however, may face another hurdle; Paramount, which was to release the film on Aug. 20, has an out clause that allows it to reject the movie if it is not completed to the studio's standards, a tactic some Paramount sources say the studio may use to avoid the appearance of ghoulishness or eagerness to capitalize on a tragedy.

On April 3, as screenwriters reportedly began work retooling *The Crow*, Brandon Lee was buried next to his father in Seattle. The next day, 200 relatives, friends, and colleagues gathered at the Los Angeles home of actress Polly Bergen for a memorial. Among those in attendance were Lee's mother, Linda; his sister, Shannon; Eliza Hutton; Kiefer Sutherland; Lou Diamond Phillips; David Hasselhoff; and Steven Seagal. The nondenominational service lasted a little over an hour. As the guests left, each one carried a glossy photo of Lee. According to the limousine driver who escorted Hutton to the service, she was "kind of like somewhere else—she's not here. She's lost. She doesn't believe it yet."

Most of those involved with *The Crow* have left Wilmington after a harsh and embittering spring. Before she returned to Los Angeles, though, Eliza Hutton took the time to telephone Loftin and offer him the guitar he had taught Lee to play. Loftin decided to accept the memento, but not before wrestling with his emotions. "At first I thought that'd be really great to have. But then, I didn't know if I wanted something like that around to remind me of this. Something that should have been," he says, "and never will be." ♦ (Additional reporting by Tim Appelo, Rebecca Ascher-Walsh, Steve Chagollan, Dimitri Ehrlich, Mary A. Fischer, Juliann Garey, Lisa Karlin, Marty Katz, Anne Layton, Tim Purtell, Frank Spotnitz, and Anne Thompson)

HOLLYWOOD DISASTERS

SHOOT TO KILL

WHILE SAFETY rules have gotten stricter, Hollywood's recent history has still been marred by disaster. ♦ **WIND** A 1991 boating accident during filming of this yacht-racing drama left two stuntmen injured: One required a partial leg amputation, the other had part of his spleen removed.

♦ **THE ROCKEER** A stuntman was critically injured in 1990 when a cable dragged him headfirst into a tree for a scene depicting flight with a rocket backpack.

♦ **BIKINI ISLAND** A stuntman was killed in 1990 when he landed badly on an airbag and smashed into rocks while practicing a 60-foot cliff jump in Malibu, Calif.

♦ **DELTA FORCE 2** A helicopter crash at takeoff during the 1989 filming of Chuck Norris' action flick killed the pilot and four others.

♦ **HIRED TO KILL** During the 1989 filming of this straight-to-video Oliver Reed movie, a helicopter crashed into a medieval fort on a Greek island, killing one stuntman and injuring five others.

♦ **BRADDOCK: MISSING IN ACTION III** A 1987 helicopter crash into Manila Bay on this Chuck Norris movie killed four Filipino soldiers.

♦ **MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY** A stuntman was killed in 1986 when his motorcycle went off a 40-foot embankment and he was gored by a sagebrush limb.

♦ **RAMBO: FIRST BLOOD PART II** While shooting in Mexico in 1984, a special-effects man on this Sly Stallone movie slipped

and fell to his death over a waterfall in the jungle.

♦ **COVER UP** In 1984, clowning around on the set of the CBS TV series, star Jon-Erik Hexum fatally shot himself in the head with a blank-loaded .44-caliber handgun. The force of the blast drove a skull fragment into his brain.

♦ **TWILIGHT ZONE: THE MOVIE** The most notorious of all set disasters. Vic Morrow and two child actors were killed in 1982 when they were hit by a crashing helicopter.

♦ **CANNONBALL RUN** A stuntwoman was paralyzed from the waist down and lost use of both hands when her car crashed in the 1980 filming of the Burt Reynolds comedy.

♦ **CATCH-22** During the 1969 shoot of this war satire, a second-unit director was killed falling out of a vintage B-25 bomber, plummeting 4,000 feet. —Benjamin Svetkey with Mary A. Fischer



AFTER THE FALL: Wreckage of *Twilight Zone* copter



BIG FAME HUNTER

For Trisha Yearwood, music makes dollars and a scent

TRISHA YEARWOOD STANDS center stage at a New York City club in a long black velvet dress, her straight hair positioned perfectly, her skin flawless. She looks a whole lot more than one record campaign away from the countrified ingenue, curly-haired and denim-shirted, pictured on her first album 17 months before. It's as if some fairy godmother had sprinkled her with sophistication dust. Cinderella gone Nashville, you might say.

Sure, she's still a down-home Georgia peach with an an-

gel's voice who hasn't forgotten her one-horse-town roots. But Yearwood, 28, is also one commercially conscious country cookie. And as dazzling as her ascension has been—her first big job was in 1991 as the opening act for Garth Brooks, her first-ever single, "She's in Love With the Boy," hit No. 1 on the country charts, and her first two albums, *Trisha Yearwood*

and *Hearts in Armor*, have both gone platinum—there's a lot more to it than divine luck. She has a manager who's a Harvard M.B.A., a personal trainer-nutritionist, a full-time stylist, a Broadway director masterminding her

*The new Revlon girl
with an angel's voice
is one commercially
conscious cookie*

stage show, and—drum roll, please—a new fragrance from Revlon.

Cinderella-with-a-business-plan would be more like it. A less dysfunctional Cinderella, too, since Yearwood grew up happily on her family's 30-acre farm in Monticello, Ga., with no wicked steppeople anywhere in sight—just Mom (Gwen, a third-grade teacher), Dad (Ed, a banker), and an older sister (Beth, now a homemaker). Trisha had Elvis posters on her bedroom walls. She admits she had a "brief Shaun Cassidy" period, watched *M*A*S*H* twice a day, got all A's, carried water for the football team, played softball, sang in the school chorus, was named "Outstanding Senior Girl" of Piedmont Academy, Class of 1982, and never divulged her dreams to anyone except her curling iron. "Even before I sang in front of anybody, I always knew I wanted to do this,"

she says. "But I'm from a pretty conservative family and, you know, to say, 'Oh, I'd like to be a country-music star in Nashville' was kind of crazy."

Instead, Yearwood went to that big city to continue

B Y K A T E M E Y E R S

her education. She majored in music business (foreshadowing alert) at Belmont College. A senior-year internship in the publicity department of the now-defunct MTM Records (yes, Mary Tyler Moore had a Nashville dream, too) evolved into a receptionist's job there. She began singing on demo tapes for local songwriters. In 1989 she recorded a duet with an unknown crooner named Garth Brooks in the attic studio of songwriter Kent Blazy's house. The harmony was instant, and Brooks promised that if he ever made it big, he'd take her with him. Two years later Yearwood's phone rang, and it was the world's hottest hat act on the line, inviting her to open his tour.

Riding the crest of Brooks' seven-month tour and the success of "She's in Love With the Boy," Yearwood felt she needed a more aggressive strategy. "It seemed that so much happened to me in such a short time. And instead of anticipating the next thing, I found myself just reacting to everything." Realizing that her management, Doyle-Lewis, already had plenty on its hands with Brooks, she did what many in Nashville considered careericide and severed ties with the company in September 1991.

For a month Yearwood was without a manager, but one person did come to mind: She had saved her notes from an eight-hour business seminar she attended in April 1991, "The Stardom Strategy," given by Kenny Rogers' manager, Ken Kragen. Phone calls were made, and a meeting in L.A. arranged. By the time she and Kragen pulled into the MCA Records parking lot for a meeting with the president, Al Teller, Kragen wanted the job. "Nothing had been agreed to," he says. "So I turned to her and asked, 'Am I the manager or the chauffeur?'"

Enter the fairy godmother—of sorts. Kragen wasted no time drafting 17 pages worth of memoranda recommending alterations in her look, her stage show, and her public profile. A stylist, Sheri McCoy-Haynes, aided the transformation with more elegant duds (emphasis on DKNY, Kamali, and Anne Klein), which suited Yearwood just fine. And the singer went back to her naturally straight locks. "I didn't want sequins and big hair. I wanted a classy image because I feel that the music is classy," she says. "I will more typically wear a suit. If you saw me on the street you wouldn't say, 'I bet she's a country singer. You might think I was a business executive.'" Kragen also insisted that she lose weight and get in shape. Jarrah Herter, her now-full-time trainer-nutritionist, introduced her to the joys of the StairMaster, a low-fat diet, and plenty of water. She dropped "lots" of inches and about 15 pounds in a year. While Yearwood is thrilled about being in shape, she resists being model-thin; she's a 5'8" big-

boned gal and proud of it. "I'm not perfect, I don't have a perfect body, but there's a real attractiveness about a person who is comfortable about who they are no matter what size they are."

Her stage show got an equally intense overhaul. When Yearwood hit the road with Brooks, she had never performed for an audience of more than 100. Thrown before thousands, she was admittedly pretty stiff. Kragen called in Broadway producer Joe Layton to help. "Instead of creating something for me, he just made me more comfortable being myself," she says. The reserved Georgian is learning to let go a little, walking the stage and working her skirt.

As for the master strategy, Kragen isn't leaving anything to chance. His plan: Create enough events to keep her in the public eye, insuring one very long night at the ball. That's where Revlon comes in. The company's \$7 million ad campaign for Wild Heart cologne (\$16 for the large bottle) presented a perfect opportunity. Yearwood saw it as a way "to expand my audience to the millions of women who buy Revlon and

watch TV but still don't know what country music's about." And she had the good sense to insist on being herself. "I told Revlon, 'If you're looking for a model, you've already got Cindy Crawford. But if you're looking for a real person, I could be that person.'" She also negotiated to sing and write (with Jude Johnstone) the commercial's song so people would get to hear a snippet of her style.

This month, besides the Revlon push, and in between tour dates with Travis Tritt, Yearwood goes back into the studio to record her

third album, slated for a fall release. Later this spring MCA releases a Trisha Yearwood home video for overseas markets. This summer she'll make her acting debut in the Peter Bogdanovich film *The Thing Called Love*, which will feature two or three of her songs, and she'll shoot a one-hour music special for Disney, to air when her album is released. And *Get Hot or Go Home*, a case study of her lightning rise (published by Morrow) will also come out in the fall. If time permits, she may do a Christmas album; Garth Brooks wants to record a duet album. Tired yet?

And lest you think all work and no play make Trisha a dull girl, not to worry. Yeah, she's ambitious, but she's also an Elvis-movie-loving homebody who's just as happy spending quiet time with boyfriend Robert Reynolds (bass player for the country band the Mavericks), her family, and her dog, Roseanne. If she's lucky, she'll even find time to unpack the cardboard boxes that have cluttered the front hall of her two-bedroom Nashville house for the past 10 months. Then we're really talking happily ever after. ♦



*"If you saw me
on the street, you
wouldn't say,
'I bet she's a country
singer.' You might
think I was a
business executive."*

**Work, Work,
Work, Work,
Work, Work,
Work, Work,
Fish.**

Take it easy.

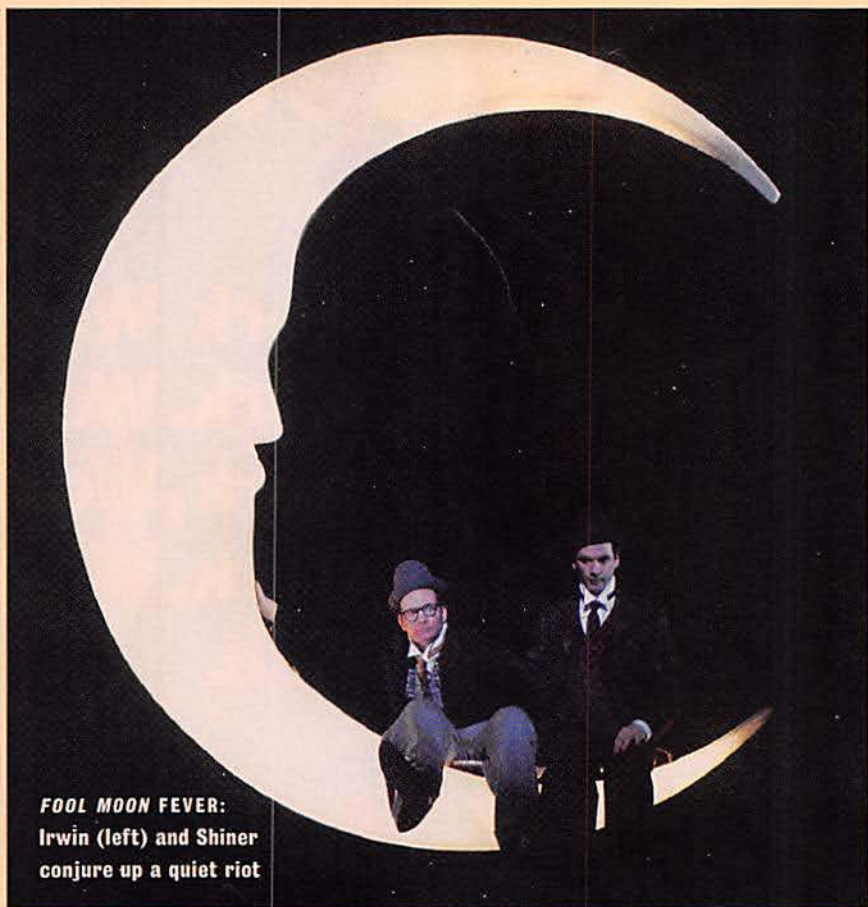


A select guide to the good, the bad, and SPRINGTIME F

SPRING IS THE TIME when big Hollywood stars come to New York and atone for their artistic sins by working for slave wages—or, in the case of Martin Short, up to \$30,000 a week—in the Theatre of the Legitimate. Others performing the rite this season: Tony Danza, Julie Andrews, and Jeff Daniels. Then there are Marla Maples and Larry Gatlin, hoofing up a storm in *The Will Rogers Follies*, atoning for God knows what. Visitors hoping to witness these attempted miracles during spring or summer vacations should order early by calling Tele-Charge (TC) at 800-233-3123 (in New York, 212-239-6200); or Ticketmaster (TM) at 212-307-4100. Broadway prices peak at \$65, Off Broadway, at \$40. Give my regards to Visa.



FAMILY MATTERS: (From left) Kahn, Alexander, and Estabrook in *Sisters*



FOOL MOON FEVER: Irwin (left) and Shiner conjure up a quiet riot

NEW ON BROADWAY

◆ **FOOL MOON** Don't hate them because they're mimes. Master clowns Bill Irwin and David Shiner are hilariously pathetic, as they climb over the audience, swing from the balcony, and get tangled up in the rising curtain. Why? Because they can. Also featuring the smart, bluegrassy sounds of the Red Clay Ramblers. (TM) **B+**

◆ **THE GOODBYE GIRL** Or, Neil Simon Isn't Funny Anymore, exhibit 475. In this musical rehash of Simon's 1977 movie,

Martin Short and Bernadette Peters do their damndest with a damnable score by Marvin Hamlisch and Simon. And the jokes! Targets include—no kidding—Cabbage Patch dolls and Richard Simmons. Hey, Neil! It's 1993! (TM) **D**

◆ **REDWOOD CURTAIN** Jeff Daniels is barely recognizable as a deranged homeless Vietnam vet, who may or may not be the father of a Vietnamese love child, who has become a piano prodigy with mystical powers and is visiting her rich aunt, who just lost her lumber bus-

B Y J E S S C A G L E

the garish on this season's theater stage OR BROADWAY

iness in a corporate takeover. Confused yet? Only die-hard Daniels fans (anybody out there?) need apply. (TM). C-

◆ **THE SISTERS ROSENSWEIG** Wendy Wasserstein's (*The Heidi Chronicles*) lightweight comedy about three far-flung sisters is as smart and pretty as a Chanel suit. The play suffers from too many upper-crusty Manhattan in-jokes, but Jane Alexander, Madeline Kahn, and Christine Eubank, as the sisters, ease the pain as they dance gaily on the emotional tightropes that stretch between adult siblings. With Robert Klein as memorable Mervyn the furrier. (TC) B

◆ **THE SONG OF JACOB ZULU** Just close your eyes and let the exquisite sounds of the South African a cappella group Ladysmith Black Mambazo (best known for its work on Paul Simon's *Graceland* album) fill your soul. And try not

PUTTIN' ON THE HITS:
(Clockwise from top)
Susanne Blakeslee,
Brad Oscar, Dorothy
Kiara, and Craig Wells
do Carol Channing in
Forbidden Broadway



WE STILL LIKE...

◆ **CATS** (musical) because the kids love it (TC)...◆ **CRAZY FOR YOU** (musical) for its bouncy Gershwin score (TC)...◆ **FALSETTOS** (musical) for a good cry (TC)...◆ **GUYS AND DOLLS** (musical) if you can get a ticket (TC)...◆ **JELLY'S LAST JAM** (musical) for Ben Vereen, who joined the cast on April 8, and for Gregory Hines, with the show through May 2 (TC)...◆ **LES MISÉRABLES** (musical) because everybody else likes it (TC)...◆ **SOMEONE WHO'LL WATCH OVER ME** (drama) for *The Crying Game*'s Stephen Rea (TC)...and ◆ **THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES** (musical) for the dog act (TM)

CAROL ROSE/MARTHA SWOPE ASSOC.

THE MOVIE'S THE THING

A bevy of upcoming Broadway musicals will seem familiar to film fans

AS IF BY DIVINE ORDER, Broadway hits have always seemed destined to become movies, from *Guys and Dolls* (1955) to last year's film versions of *Prelude to a Kiss*, *Glen-garry Glen Ross*, and *A Few Good Men*. But now the trend is running the *other* way; the musical muses appear to be calling on Hollywood for ideas.

The same reasoning lurks behind both trends: Name Recognition. Although Neil Simon's musical *The Good-bye Girl* was trounced by the critics (including us—see review), it's still sitting pretty on \$10 million in advance ticket sales—no small thanks to fans of the popular 1977 film. On the other hand, *My Favorite Year*, a musical remake of the rousing 1982 movie, bombed loudly at Lincoln Center this past winter, and last season's *Nick and Nora*, based on the *Thin Man* flicks of the 1930s and 1940s, sank like a lead olive in a martini.

But did that stop anyone? Nosiree. Here are five more upcoming shows with past lives on the big screen:

◆ **TOMMY** (opens April 22) Ken Russell's film version of this odd tale, about a boy rendered deaf, mute, and blind after seeing dear old Dad murdered by Mum's lover, was released in 1975. But the British rock group the Who told it first in album form in 1969 and performed it in concert. Actually, this musical takes its cues more from the concert version than from the film. "It makes a natural stage musical because it *began* on stage," says the Who's Pete Townshend, who doesn't appear in the show but worked on the adaptation. Word of mouth is favorable.

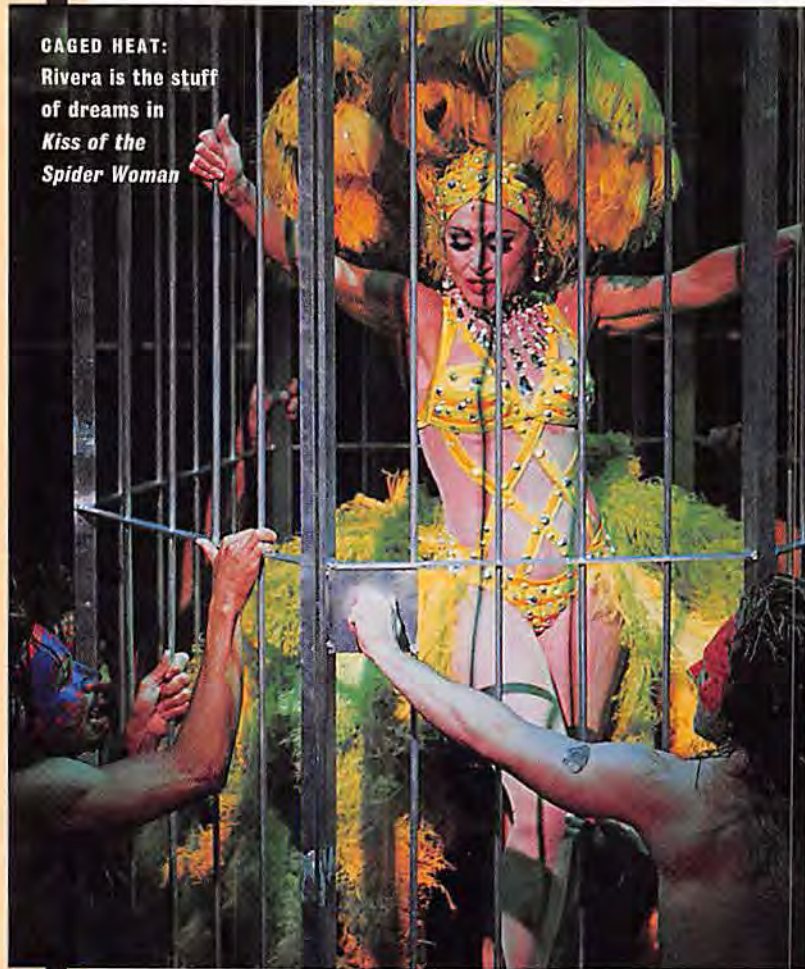
◆ **KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN** (opens May 3) Chita Rivera stars in the dual role of the wickedly seductive Spider Woman and a '40s movie queen in this musical version of the same 1979 Manuel Puig novel that inspired the 1985 movie starring William Hurt and Raul Julia, as unlikely prison cellmates in South America, and Sonia Braga in the title role. In the musical, director Harold Prince (*Phantom of the Opera*) fills the stage with lavish depictions of the Hurt character's movie fantasies. Playwright Terrence McNally, who wrote the book the musical's based on, finds *Kiss of the Spider Woman* perfect stage material: "I think because it makes such an appeal to the imagination, it could also be a ballet or an opera." Will it work? Well, they love it in London, where it has been playing since October.

◆ **SUNSET BOULEVARD** (opens June 29 in London; due on Broadway in fall 1994) Patti LuPone plays silent-film star Norma Desmond in a new Andrew Lloyd Webber musical—his first since 1990's *Aspects of Love*—based on the 1950 Billy Wilder film starring William Holden and Gloria Swanson. Prognosis? LuPone is rarely less than brilliant, and when isn't a Lloyd Webber creation a hit?

◆ **THE RED SHOES** (opens in October) The musical version of this 1948 British film, which starred Moira Shearer as a ballerina torn between two men, has impressive genes at least—the music and lyrics are by Jule Styne (*Gypsy*, *Funny Girl*) and Marsha Norman (*The Secret Garden*).

◆ **BEAUTY AND THE BEAST** (due spring 1994) Even as an animated movie, Disney's '91 Oscar winner outshone most Broadway shows with its music by Howard Ashman and Alan Menken. And should Angela Lansbury re-create her teapot live, it could be the challenge of her career. —Rebecca Morris

CAGED HEAT:
Rivera is the stuff
of dreams in
*Kiss of the
Spider Woman*



to let the plodding story—a fact-based melodrama about a young man on trial for antiapartheid terrorism—dull the pleasure. (TC) **B**

NEW OFF BROADWAY

◆ **AVEN' U BOYS** Theater doesn't get much better than this. Playwright Frank Pugliese declares loudly and profanely that life is mean and love is tough for three young men from Brooklyn's Italian working class. With a transcendent ensemble cast that includes Ron Eldard, Adrian Pasdar, and Lili Taylor. *Warning:* strong violence. In the performance I saw, Pasdar got burned with a cigarette, then sliced his forehead. (Hit-Tix, 212-564-8038) **A**

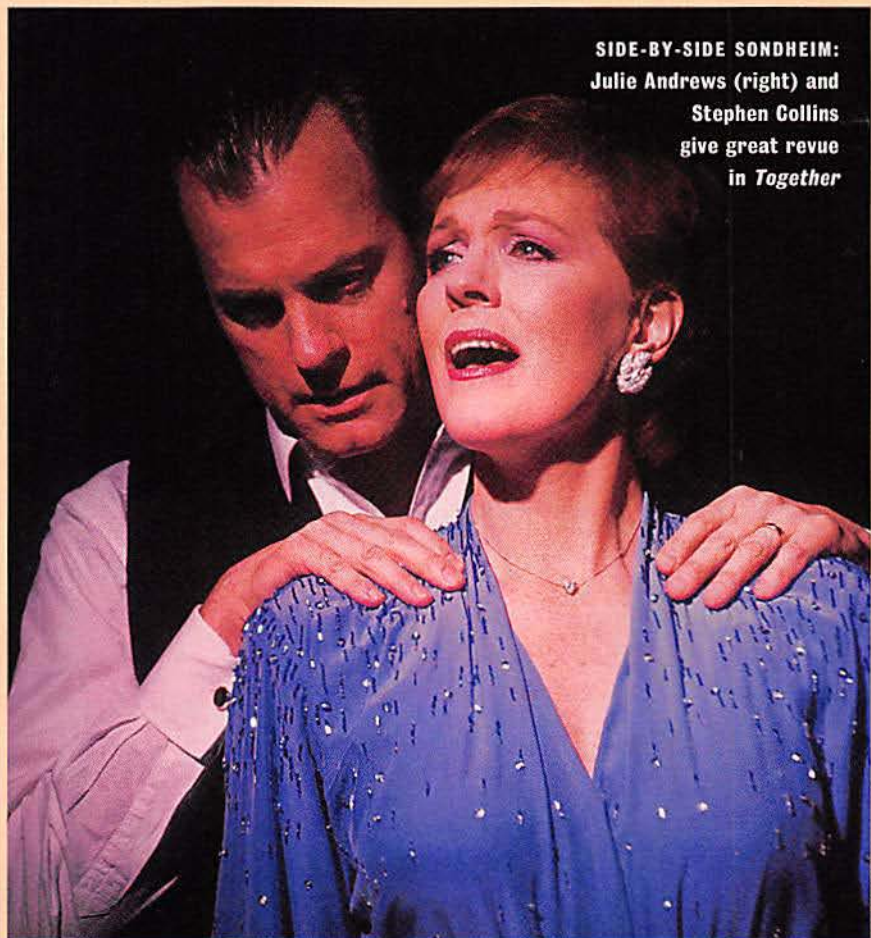
◆ **BACK TO BACHARACH AND DAVID** Actress Kathy Najimy (*Sister Act*) directs this funny, four-person musical revue of Burt Bacharach and Hal David tunes—from

PREVIEWING

◆ **AIN'T BROADWAY GRAND** (musical), the life of showman Mike Todd (Mike Burstyn); opens April 18...◆ **ANGELS IN AMERICA: MILLENNIUM APPROACHES** (drama-comedy), Tony Kushner's hotly awaited fantasy about AIDS, politics, and Roy Cohn (TC)...◆ **BLOOD BROTHERS** (musical), by Shirley Valentine author Willy Russell (TC)...◆ **KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN**, beginning April 19; see page 30 (TC)...◆ **THREE MEN ON A HORSE** (comedy) reunites Tony Randall and Jack Klugman for an eight-week run, ending May 16 (TC)...◆ **TOMMY** previews began March 29; see page 30 (TC)



BACK IN THE SADDLE: Klugman (left) and Randall ride the boards again in *Horse*



SIDE-BY-SIDE SONDHEIM: Julie Andrews (right) and Stephen Collins give great revue in *Together*

"Don't Make Me Over" (1962) to "Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head" (1969). The songs hold up astoundingly well, and the singers whiz through the production decked out in bell-bottoms and peace signs. Songstress Sue Mosher even transforms "I'll Never Fall in Love Again" into a genuinely heartbreaking ballad. Who knew? (TM) **A**

◆ **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1993** Broadway folks consider it an honor to be skewered in this 11-year-old revue made up entirely of show parodies, and composer Gerard Alessandrini updates it regularly to make sure both the great and the grating get their due. This year's targets include Julie Andrews, singing (to the tune of "I Could Have Danced All Night") "I Couldn't Hit That Note," and Marla Maples doing "I Never Did a Man I Didn't Like." Okay. Maybe not *everybody* is honored. (TM) **B**

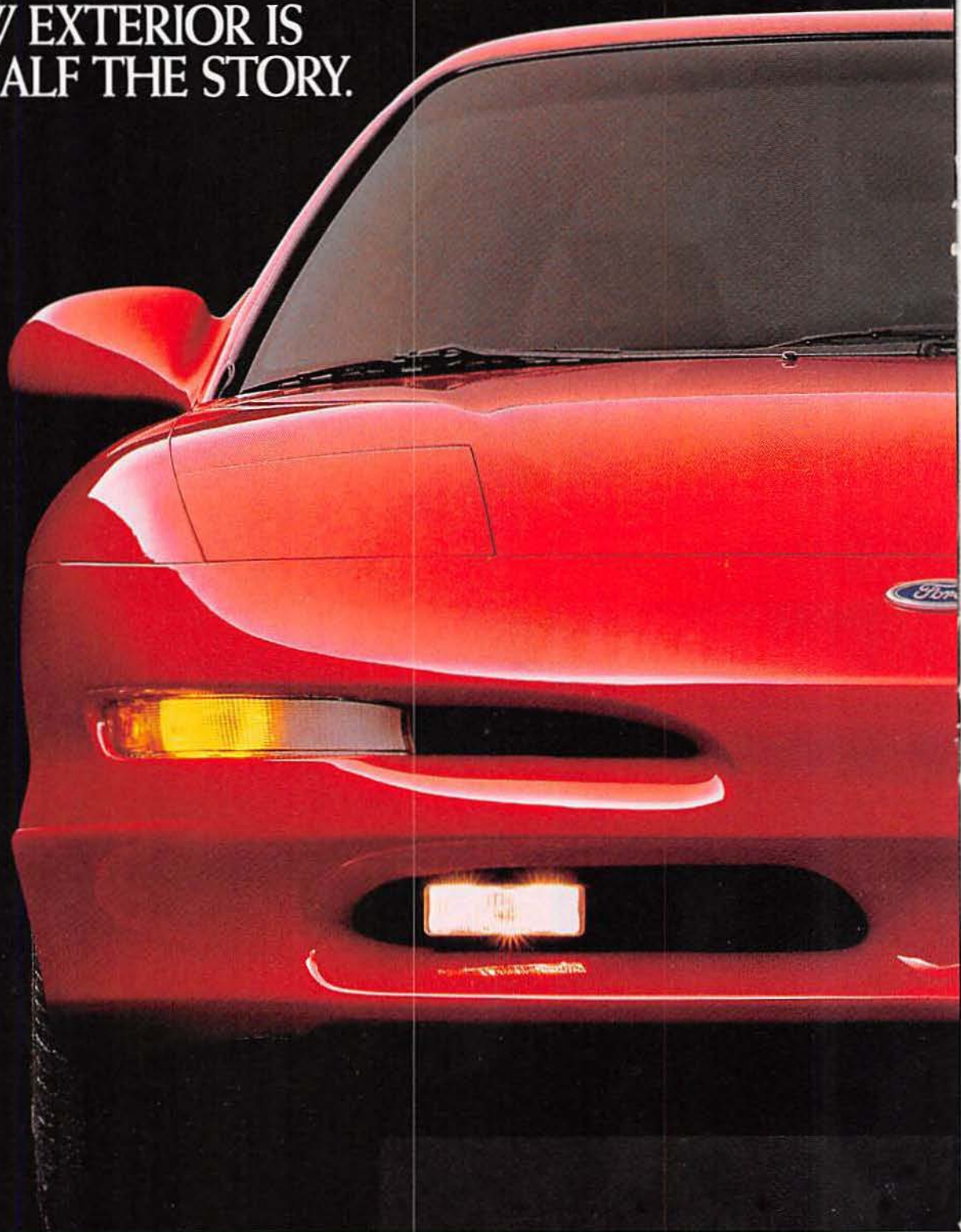
◆ **JEFFREY** Sick of worrying about AIDS, a dashing young gay actor/waiter opts for celibacy. Wickedly funny. Screenwriter Paul Rudnick (*Sister Act*, *I Hate*

Hamlet) looks past the pathos and finds the absurdity of Manhattan life in the not-so-gay '90s. (TM) **A**

◆ **PUTTING IT TOGETHER** The hottest ticket in town, and it deserves to be. Julie Andrews, Stephen Collins, Chris Durang, Michael Rupert, and Rachel York merrily roll through this goofy revue of Sondheim tunes, set against an impressionistic dinner party. Songs from scores as disparate as *Sweeney Todd* and *Dick Tracy* are most cleverly reduced and re-tailored for the setting; amazing, the variety of songs made possible by jealousy and champagne. (Through May 23; 212-581-1212) **A**

◆ **WRONG TURN AT LUNGFISH** Less a play than a Very Special Episode in search of a sitcom. George C. Scott is the lovable but crochety blind man. Jami Gertz is the hard-knock girl who befriends him. Tony Danza is the ne'er-do-well boyfriend who hubba-hubbas about in a tight T-shirt. Directed and cowritten by—who else?—Garry Marshall. (TC) **C-**

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A FORD LATELY?**





STORM-TOSSED:
Woody Harrelson, left,
confronts Robert Redford,
Demi Moore, and Seymour
Cassel in *Indecent Proposal*

The Buying Game

Hot sex meets cold cash in Adrian Lyne's glossy *Indecent Proposal*, a kink-lite romantic melodrama with too much swank and not enough sleaze. **BY OWEN GLEIBERMAN**

IT'S AN OLD and nasty joke: At a party, a man approaches a woman and asks if she would sleep with him for \$1 million. The woman says, "I suppose I would." The man then inquires if she'd sleep with him for \$10. The woman says, "What do you think I am?" To which the man replies, "We've already established that—we're just haggling over the price." I

thought of that joke while watching Adrian Lyne's swank, torpid romantic-triangle drama *INDECENT PROPOSAL* (R), the sort of movie that says—or would like to, anyway—that we're all whores under the skin.

Diana and David Murphy (Demi Moore and Woody Harrelson), a handsome young couple living in Santa Monica, Calif., need \$50,000 to hold on to the

dream house they're building on a secluded piece of waterfront property. (David, an architect, designed the house himself.) In Vegas, they try to win the money on a gambling binge. Instead, they meet John Gage (Robert Redford), a middle-aged billionaire in a James Bond tux who leads them to his posh hotel suite and, over a game of eight ball, makes a casual proposition: He'll

pay \$1 million for a night with Diana—no strings attached.

Diana and David nervously run through the "moral" justifications for accepting such an offer: The sex will be meaningless, their future will be secure, and so on. Nevertheless, part of the reason they end up accepting, the film implies, is that there's something intoxicating—irresistible, even—about the notion of selling yourself. Gage, a smug, deadpan Mephistopheles, says that everyone can be bought; deep down, he thinks everyone *wants* to be. Like Lyne's high-gloss S&M fantasy, *9½ Weeks*, *Indecent Proposal* creates a chic tableau of naughtiness and then says, "You'd *love* to be doing this, wouldn't you?"

Perhaps we would, if everyone on screen didn't seem half asleep. With its svelte, expensive look—all chromium edges and marble extravagance—*Indecent Proposal* has the feel of something left over from the designer '80s, and it tries to manipulate us in a glib, '80s way. The movie is a series of signifiers; we're supposed to watch Diana and David rolling around in bed on a pile of dol-

lar bills and think, "Oooh, *hot!*"

At the beginning, Lyne lures us in by showcasing the subtle financial tensions in the Murphys' marriage. These two are so obsessed with building their dream house that they're forced to question how they would feel about each other if they couldn't afford it. (Answer: Not as good.) It's this vulnerability that makes them ripe for a hustler like Gage, who seduces people by flaunting his wealth. Redford, fingering \$10,000 gold casino chips, is terrific in the early scenes. Like Michael Douglas' Gordon Gekko, he has that aura of money that's almost tactile—even in his dark suit, he glows—and he speaks with the dry enticement of someone who has had too much of what he wants and now gets his kicks by testing people, living through their experiences.

Diana boards a helicopter and is whisked away to Gage's luxury yacht off the California coast. The next morning she returns to David, and soon after that the marriage begins to fall apart—and the movie along with it. As the vapors of decadent, money-fueled lust fade, Gage's night with Diana becomes a kind of moral tapeworm, eating away at the Murphys' relationship. David, possessed by jealousy, drives Diana out of the marriage; she responds by falling back into the arms of her billionaire lover. The plot depends on some bald contrivances. When the Murphys discover that their real estate has been repossessed, why don't they just take some of their million dollars and buy more land? And why does Diana return to Gage, any-

way? We certainly don't get a clue from Moore's droopy performance.

Still, what's most irksome about *Indecent Proposal* is how the movie loses its nastiness, its sleaze. Gage turns out to be less a bad guy than another inscrutable Redford romantic, a corporate Gatsby; even when he plays a "villain" this actor needs the safety net of his golden-boy nobility. As for Moore and Harrelson, they're earnest, attractive, and too bland to bring anything but canned passion to their rotely scripted marital spats. *Indecent Proposal* starts out kinky and turns into a languid—and shockingly banal—domestic soap opera. Like *9½ Weeks*, the movie is all tease, all come-on. Next time Lyne should try for something a little more indecent. **C**

WOMEN AS COMMODITIES

Terms of Endearment

YEAR OF THE WOMAN or not, we think Hollywood still doesn't get it. In three recent films, including *Indecent Proposal*, women have become a commodity again. In each a female character is either sold or lent, like chattel, to a man. Is this the postfeminist movie heroine? Here, the art of the deal:



◆ **INDECENT PROPOSAL** *The Goods:* Demi Moore, the loving wife of sensitive architect Woody Harrelson. *Deal/Price:* To help pay their mounting debts, Moore agrees to spend the night with billionaire Robert Redford for a fee of \$1 million. *Selling Point:* She's beautiful, sexy, and susceptible to seduction. *Renegotiation Option:* The couple's cagey lawyer insists he could have gotten them at least \$2 million. *Caveat Emptor:* Moore still loves Harrelson.



◆ **HONEYMOON IN VEGAS** *The Goods:* Sarah Jessica Parker, the sexy schoolteacher fiancée of noncommittal detective Nicolas Cage. *Deal/Price:* After a high-stakes poker game with gambler James Caan, Cage gives Parker to him for a weekend to settle \$65,000 debt. *Selling Point:* Parker is a dead ringer for Caan's deceased wife. Plus she looks good in skimpy outfits. *Renegotiation Option:* Caan eventually offers Parker \$1 million for her hand in marriage. *Caveat Emptor:* Parker still loves Cage.



◆ **MAD DOG AND GLORY** *The Goods:* Uma Thurman, a female bartender indebted to small-time hood Bill Murray. *Deal/Price:* Murray gives Thurman to lonely police photographer Robert De Niro as a week-long gift, then offers her permanently for \$75,000. *Renegotiation Option:* Murray knocks price down to \$40,000. *Selling Point:* By saving her from her fate, De Niro can feel like he's taking a stand. Plus she looks good naked. *Caveat Emptor:* Thurman may only be using De Niro. —Tim Purtell

Taking in the Garbage

Ward Harrison makes a heap collecting the refuse of the stars. BY ALANNA NASH

ATENTION, HOLLYWOOD stars. Antiques dealer Ward Harrison knows all about you. He knows what kind of medicine you take, and where you shop. He knows to whom you write your checks, and who's dunning you for past-due accounts. He even knows about those well-oiled love affairs with plastic blow-up dolls.

How? Because he goes through your trash. And whatever he finds of interest, he keeps—or sells through ads in movie magazines, sometimes to other stars, like Goldie Hawn and Debbie Reynolds. Clothes. Letters. Diaries. Thousands of dollars' worth.

Like A.J. Weberman, who enjoyed 13 minutes of fame by ransacking Bob Dylan's refuse in the 1960s, Harrison, 60, a former California resident who now commutes once a year for a month to the West Coast from Utica, Ind., considers himself a garbologist.

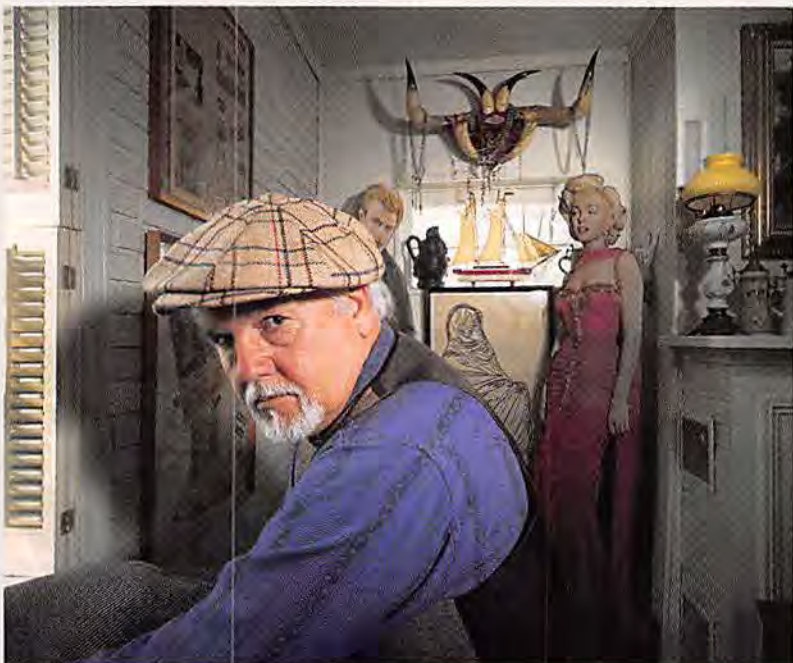
"Actually, I'm teeter-tottering between garbology and archaeology," he says. "A hundred years from now, this stuff will be part of history. It's the same as finding documents from George Washington or John Wilkes Booth."

Since 1967, when he found \$500 worth of designer clothes and a well-stuffed piggy bank in an alley in Santa Monica, Harrison, a former bill collector, has patrolled the alleys of Southern California in search of treasures. He switched to Beverly Hills exclusively in 1976, when he stumbled upon Cher's piled-up trash and discovered a number of her costumes, wigs, and a 3-by-5-inch baby picture of her daughter, Chastity, in a sterling silver frame, engraved with the infant's date of birth and vital statistics.

"Every day I became more and more obsessed," he recalls. "Not only monetarily but just to go out on the hunt! All this incredible stuff, day in and day out."

In the years since, Harrison has bagged love notes from Joanne Woodward to Paul Newman, Rita Hayworth's hot-water reducing pants, Natalie Wood's diaphragm, letters from Kirk Douglas to his son Eric, Ann Miller's dancing shoes, Burt Reynolds' sparring gloves, Barbra Streisand's antique cooking utensil, Peter Lawford's FBI file, and a telegram from Humphrey Bogart to composer Johnny Green (*Waited all night at the Bowl in the fog, arrived home and my cook told me you went to a movie with Dore Schary. How could you do this to me—Bogie*). And that's just the tamer stuff.

Although Beverly Hills police have stopped Harrison



HUNTER AND GATHERER: Harrison, above, with his finds, including, from top, celebrity prescription bottles, Lucille Ball's lipstick smears, and Rita Hayworth's eyelashes

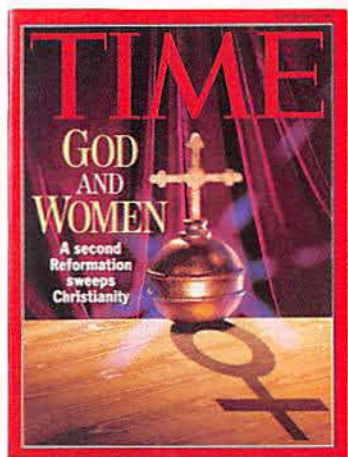
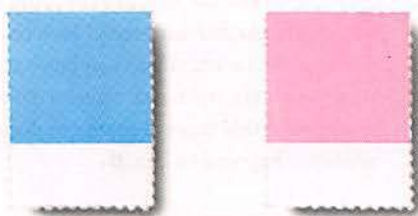


twice for scavenging (a misdemeanor in Beverly Hills), he was let off with a warning and has never been arrested, nor has he had a star berate him. Except for Ida Lupino, who apparently confused him with someone else.

"She came out with her hair up in curlers and a cap on, and yelled, 'I know who you are! You're one of those spies from World War II! They sent you to spy on me!' And then she spit in my face."

That episode aside, Harrison claims his alley adventures have been harmonious—he even met his second wife, the goddaughter of Wendell Corey, while going through Corey's trash—and have beat anything else he has tried. "These are our gods!" he says. "I get so high on this, who needs dope?" Of course, part of the thrill is that he never knows what will turn up. "Suppose I reach in and find Marilyn Monroe's diary? You talk about my blood pressure! I'd probably die from the shock." ♦





DOES GOD HAVE A FAVORITE COLOR? It seems unlikely. Yet when the Church of England allowed women into the priesthood, traditionalists looked on with alarm. Many Christians argue that Jesus himself instituted the male priesthood with 12 male Apostles. Others say the church hurts its cause by denying women leadership. Right now only a miracle can bring the two sides together. We'll keep you posted. *If it's important to you, you'll find it in TIME.*

NOW PLAYING

A look at new and recent releases reviewed by OWEN GLEIBERMAN.

BORN YESTERDAY (PG) Melanie Griffith does her dreamy, flirtatious cuddle-bug number in this so-so remake of the classic 1950 comedy. She has moments of charm, but the whole character of Billie Dawn, ignoramus girlfriend of a corrupt Washington, D.C., wheeler-dealer (John Goodman), now seems fatally out of synch with the popular imagination. As the clean-Gene reporter who becomes her Pygmalionesque suitor, Don Johnson, with his perma-tan and dimply come-on, is like a gigolo impersonating a professor. **C+**

COP AND A HALF (PG) Burt Reynolds sports the hairpiece equivalent of the picture of Dorian Gray: His face gets older, but the rug never ages. Perhaps only the oracles can explain why Burt, having found success on TV's *Evening Shade*, would want to return to movies in this icky-to-the-max vehicle about a Tampa cop and a precocious, pint-size cop wannabe (Norman D. Golden II) who witnesses a murder and refuses to give testimony unless he's allowed to ride around with Reynolds. "I'm your worst nightmare," says the kid, "an 8-year-old with a badge," and he's not kidding: With his love-me eyes and trained-dog delivery, this grade-school Eddie Murphy is *any* moviegoer's nightmare. Reynolds spends most of the picture looking as if he's sorry he ever got up that morning. **D-**

THE CRUSH (R) Bespectacled yuppie journalist meets Lolita: It's like Billy Idol's "Cradle of Love" video stretched out into a flat, nonsensical babycakes-from-hell "thriller." As the 14-year-old who develops a lethal obsession with her parents' new tenant (Cary Elwes), Alicia Silverstone turns her upside-down smile into a reflexive smirk, as if she'd spent her entire childhood imitating Brooke Shields magazine-cover shots. The film's biggest unintentional joke is that the character she's playing is supposed to be a genius (she breaks into the hero's computer to rewrite—brilliantly—one of his articles); if nothing else, this renders *The Crush* the first postfeminist jail-bait movie. As her tormented love object, Elwes sweats a lot, stares longingly at Silverstone's body, and never makes a move. A protagonist this passive seems to deserve whatever happens to him. **D+**

THE CRYING GAME (R) Neil Jordan's haunting romantic thriller undermines our expectations so thoroughly that it's as if we've rediscovered our innocence as moviegoers. An IRA terrorist (Stephen Rea) flees Ireland for London, where his tormented conscience leads him to look up the girlfriend (Jaye Davidson) of a former prisoner. Jordan is out to dramatize the ways that love can lead to a gradual unraveling of identity, from skin-deep attraction to soul-deep devotion. **A**

FALLING DOWN (R) At the beginning, we see Michael Douglas trapped on a jammed L.A. freeway. In a few moments, he abandons his



car and goes on a rampage, taking aim at all the violent/trashy/irritating aspects of contemporary American life. This is the sort of movie that thinks it's scoring points by turning everyone into jerks and then saying we live in a jerky world. **C**

FIRE IN THE SKY (PG-13) Travis Walton (D.B. Sweeney), a clear-eyed Arizona lumberjack, is riding through the woods with his five logging buddies when he's abducted by an alien spaceship. Not a good movie, though for a few queasy minutes it succeeds in evoking the luminescent strangeness of the new close-encounter myths. **C+**

GROUNDHOG DAY (PG) A cynical TV weatherman (Bill Murray) finds himself living out the same 24 hours over and over again. The funniest moments come when he takes sneaky advantage of his predicament. **B-**

HEAR NO EVIL (R) Marlee Matlin had an impassioned spark in *Children of a Lesser God*, but this flaccidly inept thriller blanks her out. The filmmakers were clearly worried that too much sign language wouldn't play at the box office. As a result, they've turned Matlin—who is cast as a deaf personal trainer—into a mostly mute victim, a bystander in her own star vehicle. **F**

JACK THE BEAR (PG-13) Set in the '70s, this warm-and-fuzzy family saga features Danny DeVito as John Leary, a flaky single dad

CRITICAL MASS

Here's how our reviewer and other film critics from across the country grade these current movies.

	PETER TRAVERS <i>Rolling Stone</i>	MIKE CLARK <i>USA Today</i>	GENE SISKEL <i>Siskel & Ebert</i>	RODER EBERT <i>Siskel & Ebert</i>	ELEANOR RINGEL <i>Atlanta Journal & Con.</i>	JAMI BERNARD <i>New York Post</i>	OWEN GLEIBERMAN <i>Entertainment Weekly</i>	AVG.
COP AND A HALF	D	F	F	B-	D	-	D-	D
THE CRYING GAME	A	A-	A	A	A-	A	A	A
THE CRUSH	D-	D	-	-	D+	-	D+	D
GROUNDHOG DAY	C	B	B	B	B	A	B-	B
INDECENT PROPOSAL	C-	D	C+	B	-	C	C	C+
JACK THE BEAR	C-	B-	C+	C+	C+	A	C	C+
OLIVIER OLIVIER	B+	A-	C	B-	-	A-	C	B
POINT OF NO RETURN	D	D-	C	B	B	B	B-	C+
STRICTLY BALLROOM	B	C-	B	B	B+	A+	B-	B
THIS BOY'S LIFE	C	B+	B-	B+	-	-	C	B-



THE BODY ELECTRIC:
Alicia Silverstone
generates trouble
in *The Crush*

who's able to connect with his kids because he's an overgrown kid himself. In the early scenes, the movie captures the peculiar tensions of a family that is falling apart precisely because it's too neurotically close-knit. After a while, though, director Marshall Herskovitz starts piling on overblown dramatic crises as if he were trying to cram 12 episodes of a TV show into one movie. Instead of the scruffy slice of life that seemed promised, the film grows lurid and synthetic, becoming a high-concept *To Kill a Mockingbird*, with the Leary family menaced by the monster across the street—a real-life Boo Radley (Gary Sinise) who turns out to be a neo-Nazi child-napper. **C**

OLIVIER OLIVIER (R) In the French countryside, Olivier, an angelic 9-year-old boy, is doted on in a nearly hysterical manner by his passionately unstable mother (Brigitte Roüan). One day he disappears; six years later, a teenage homosexual hustler (Grégoire Colin) shows up at a Paris police station claiming to be Olivier. Director Agnieszka Holland has concocted a *Return of Martin Guerre* for the age of Freudian dysfunction. For the most part, though, she insists on treating Olivier's disappearance and return as a kind of literary event. **C**

POINT OF NO RETURN (R) A scrungy criminal (Bridget Fonda) is reborn as a government assassin. Who does she work for? The CIA—or, at least, a guy in black (Gabriel

Byrne) who seems to be in the CIA. What are the consequences of her actions? We have no idea. Like *La Femme Nikita*, the French thriller on which it's based, *Point of No Return* is an exercise in violent punk chic, a series of empty nihilist gestures posing as a character study. At its best, the movie is enjoyably preposterous. You root for Fonda, even if it feels like sympathy in a vacuum. **B-**

STRICTLY BALLROOM (PG) This Australian production features ballroom dancing as delirious kitsch. Can Scott (Paul Mercurio), the rebellious hero, find the courage to perform his own steps at the Pan Pacific tournament? With its cutesy-poo, is-it-schlock-or-is-it-camp gaudiness, *Strictly Ballroom* puts quotation marks around '80s clichés and then ends up wallowing in them anyway. **B-**

THIS BOY'S LIFE (R) Tobias Wolff's 1989 memoir transformed into a pressure-cooker melodrama. In the crew-cut '50s, Caroline Wolff (Ellen Barkin), a spunky single mom, hungers for stability. When she meets Dwight (Robert De Niro), a courtly mechanic and ex-Navy man, she allows herself to be swept up in his promise of a new life. Dwight, though, turns out to be a sadistic, macho tyrant, a raging disciplinarian who dedicates himself to making life hell for Caroline's teenage son, Toby (Leonardo DiCaprio). For the movie to work as ominous domestic drama, it's essential that we see Dwight as a flesh-and-blood monster. De Niro, unfortunately, just seems to be reveling in the chance to play another viciously demented freak; there are no shades to his hollow, exhibitionistic performance. Leonardo DiCaprio gives an eloquent performance as Toby, whose fear and helplessness can't mask the pride that Dwight resents in him. **C**

UNFORGIVEN (R) Clint Eastwood's smooth, handsome, and thoroughly engaging retro-Western. William Munny (Eastwood) is a once-violent hooligan who has given up his outlaw ways. All this changes when he joins a posse of bounty hunters to chase down two thugs. During the climax, we're supposed to look at Clint, doing the same cold-blooded shoot-'em-up number he has been doing for 20 years, and think...ah, ambiguity! A tragic figure! But since Eastwood has given us ample reason to cheer his character's return to violence, the film's shades-of-gray moralism feels like a whitewash. **B**

BOX OFFICE

Top 'Cop'



BURT ON A WIRE:
Reynolds in *Half*

WHEN THERE'S a slump at the box office, it doesn't take much to be No. 1. Burt Reynolds' *Cop and a Half* managed that feat this week: It edged out the competition with a middling \$3,760 per-screen average. Likewise, *The Adventures of Huck Finn* and *The Crush* came in second and third, respectively, even though neither was able to average so much as \$3,000. As for *Jack the Bear*, the Danny DeVito drama appeared to be in hibernation, with a sleepy opening-weekend tally of \$2.2 million. What took up the slack? Not much, except for a couple of Academy Award winners. *The Crying Game* passed the \$50 million mark, and *Unforgiven*, enjoying a healthy post-Oscar surge, now looks headed for a total domestic gross of \$95 million.

WEEKEND GROSS*	TOP TEN	GROSS TO DATE	WEEKS IN RELEASE
1 \$6.03	COP AND A HALF\$6.03 Universal (1,603 screens)	\$6.03	1
2 \$5.03	HUCK FINN\$5.03 Hollywood (1,786 screens)	\$5.03	1
3 \$5.02	THE CRUSH\$5.02 Warner Bros. (1,759 screens)	\$5.02	1
4 \$4.69	TEENAGE...TURTLES III...\$28.94 New Line (2,087 screens)	\$28.94	3
5 \$3.67	BORN YESTERDAY\$10.97 Hollywood (1,301 screens)	\$10.97	2
6 \$3.61	POINT OF NO RETURN\$20.98 Warner Bros. (1,659 screens)	\$20.98	3
7 \$2.78	THE CRYING GAME\$51.19 Miramax (940 screens)	\$51.19	19
8 \$2.54	UNFORGIVEN\$86.01 Warner Bros. (855 screens)	\$86.01	35
9 \$2.22	JACK THE BEAR\$2.22 20th Century Fox (1,065 screens)	\$2.22	1
10 \$2.01	GROUNDHOG DAY\$60.41 Columbia (1,629 screens)	\$60.41	8

SOURCE: EXHIBITOR RELATIONS CO. INC.

AUDIENCE POLLING INFORMATION
PROVIDED BY CINEMASCORE

*WEEKEND OF APRIL 2-4 (ALL DOLLAR
FIGURES IN MILLIONS)



STUCK ON YOU:
Arnold keeps her
hero close to her
heart in *The Woman
Who Loved Elvis*

The King and I

Although perfectly cast as an impassioned Presley worshiper in *The Woman Who Loved Elvis*, Roseanne Arnold is unable to make this predictable TV movie sing. **BY KEN TUCKER**

BY ANY normal standard, **THE WOMAN WHO LOVED ELVIS** (ABC, April 18, 9-11 p.m.) is a pretty lousy made-for-television movie. But who judges Roseanne Arnold by normal standards? As the brashest and most original and independent superstar on TV, Arnold is unusual in many ways, not the least of which is that she is a Hollywood multimillionaire who insists that we never forget her drab, lower-middle-class roots.

And so it is in *The Woman Who Loved Elvis*: Arnold portrays Joyce Jackson, a single mother in a small Iowa town who is stuck on welfare and saddled with a serious Elvis problem. Joyce has turned her dilapidated front porch into a shrine to the late Presley and is given to solemn pronouncements such as "Elvis died for the love of us and our love for him." Joyce has just been assigned a new caseworker from the welfare agency, a wide-eyed innocent named Emily (Cynthia Gibb of *The Karen Carpenter Story*), who, unlike Joyce's previous caseworkers, doesn't think she's just a lazy nut.

Emily gets drawn into the lives of Joyce, her two adolescent daughters (Danielle Harris and Kimberley Dalton), and her ex-husband, Jack, a brooding, quiet motorcyclist played by a cast-way-against-type Tom Arnold (*The Jackie Thomas Show*). The most interesting thing about *The Woman Who Loved Elvis*, directed by actor Bill Bixby, is that for the longest time, you can't tell whether it's supposed to be a melancholy comedy or a light drama—it doesn't fit into any standard TV-movie category. The worst thing about the film, written by novelist Rita Mae Brown (*Rubyfruit Jungle*), is that there's not a single scene in it whose outcome isn't dreadfully predictable.

We know from the start that the plot will turn on whether or not Joyce will be kicked off the welfare roll. And because Jack is such a poutingly sensitive working-class stiff, we get the idea pretty quickly that he regrets the breakup of his marriage to Joyce,

that he wishes they were still together. The supporting characters don't provide much novelty either. Sally Kirkland, who has also appeared on a few episodes of *Roseanne* this season, plays Joyce's tough, wisecracking best friend, Sandee. And there's

BIG-NAME GUEST STARS ON 'ROSEANNE'

Everyone's Coming Up Rosey

THE WOMAN WHO LOVED ELVIS' Sally Kirkland is only one of many high-profile actors to appear on *Roseanne* this season (the latest to make his debut—*The Rocky Horror Picture Show's* Tim Curry). To honor these guest stars' mostly dubious contributions, we present the first annual Roseys:

◆ **The Lee Strasberg Award for Method Acting Above and Beyond the Call of Duty:** **SALLY KIRKLAND**, as Darlene's boyfriend's verbally abusive mom.

◆ **The Funny, She Doesn't Look Remotely Related to Roseanne Award:** **JOAN COLLINS**, as Conner cousin Ronnie.

◆ **The Hippest Guest Star Award:** **SANDRA BERNHARD**, as Lunch Box co-owner and latter-day lesbian, Nancy Thomas.

◆ **Hippest Unhip Guest Star Award:** **MORGAN FAIRCHILD**, as Nancy's lesbian lover, Marla.

◆ **The Equal Opportunity Award for Casting Without Regard to Age:** **SHELLEY WINTERS**, 70, as Roseanne's grandma, and **ESTELLE PARSONS**, 65, as Roseanne's mother.

◆ **The Sure, He Won an Oscar 35 Years Ago, But His Acting Skills Have Gone Sayonara Award:** **RED BUTTONS**, as Roseanne's mom's boyfriend, Jake.

◆ **The Maybe They Should Have Cast Sissy Spacek Instead Award:** **LORETTA LYNN**, as herself.

◆ **The Where's My Gun? Award for Most Miscast Action Star:** **WINGS HAUSER**, as the Connors' nice-guy neighbor, Ty Tilden.

◆ **The Tom Arnold Award for Crassest Cross-Promotion:** **TOM ARNOLD**, as Roseanne's favorite TV funnyman, Jackie Thomas. —Bruce Fretts



SALLY FORTH: Kirkland (right) browbeats her *Roseanne* son, Johnny Galecki

a stunningly lame subplot about Emily's rocky romance with a coworker (Joe Guzaldo).

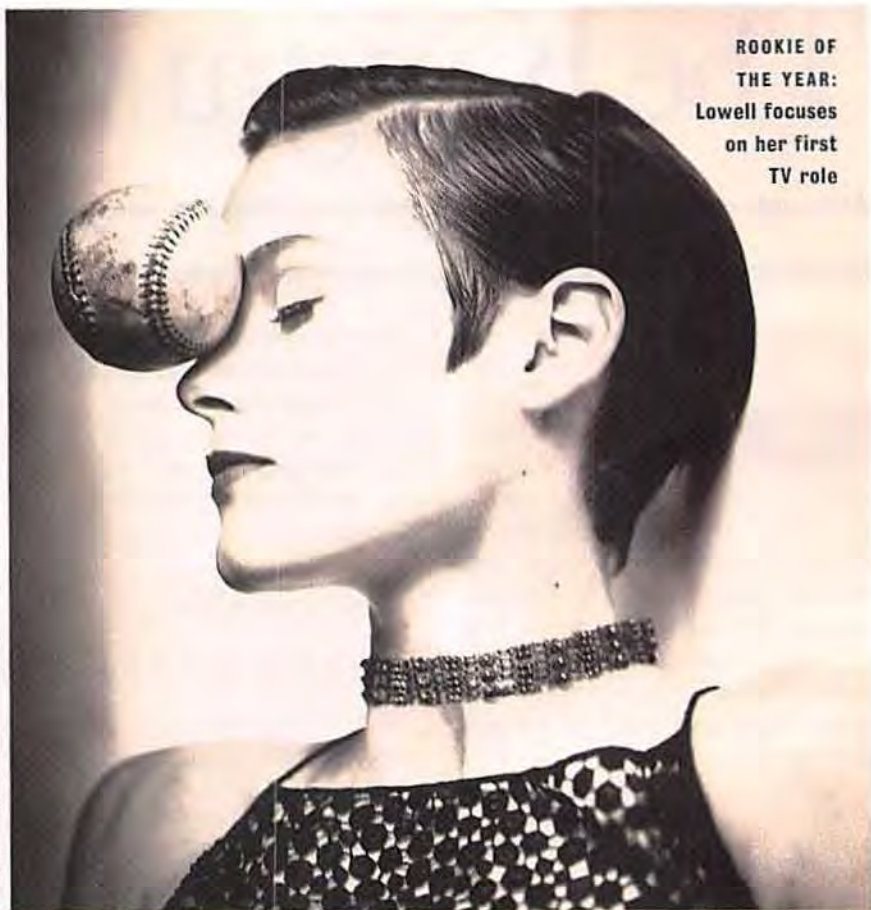
Oddest and most disappointing of all is that the Elvis angle gets lost in all the banality. For Joyce, as for not a few of his fans, the King is nothing less than the King of Kings. "Drugs were part of his suffering," Joyce says to a skeptic who questions the saintliness of Presley's life, "and no one could save him from suffering." Joyce even does good works in his name: Poor as she is, she mends old clothes to give to families poorer than her own, presenting them with the benediction, "Elvis Presley wants you to have these clothes."

In interviews over the years, Arnold has spoken often of her admiration for Presley as an up-from-nothing, showbiz-transcending star; she identifies with him to the extent of having worn an Elvis-esque gold lamé suit for her 1992 HBO stand-up special. In *The Woman Who Loved Elvis*, Arnold sets up Joyce to be a fanatic who will prove to have wisdom; we assume her purpose is to redeem Joyce and Elvis to doubters. Instead, the movie downplays Presley as it goes along, reducing his presence to a few hits on the soundtrack.

For most scriptwriters and performers Elvis is a joke, a dead punch line employed in movies like *Honeymoon in Vegas*. Arnold knows that one reason her sitcom *Roseanne* commands such a huge, loyal audience is that she shares many of her fans' taste in unfashionable subjects like Presley. But *The Woman Who Loved Elvis* doesn't shed any new light on Arnold's own obsession.

The Woman Who Loved Elvis is based on Laura Kalpakian's 1992 novel, *Graced Land*; it's not the Elvis book Arnold should have tackled. That one is Harlan Ellison's 1961 Presley fable, *Spider Kiss*, a far more wild, down-and-dirty novel that tells the tale of Stag Preston, a country-hick rocker raised to superstardom by callous promoter Col. Jack Freeport (an on-the-money caricature of Presley's manager, Col. Tom Parker). I have long thought Roseanne could buy the rights, turn the hero into a woman, and play the role herself (Doe Preston?). Hubby Tom could chomp on a cigar and strut around as Colonel Jack. Maybe next time, Roseanne? **C+**

ROOKIE OF
THE YEAR:
Lowell focuses
on her first
TV role



CAREY LOWELL OF 'LEAGUE OF THEIR OWN'

Catcher If You Can

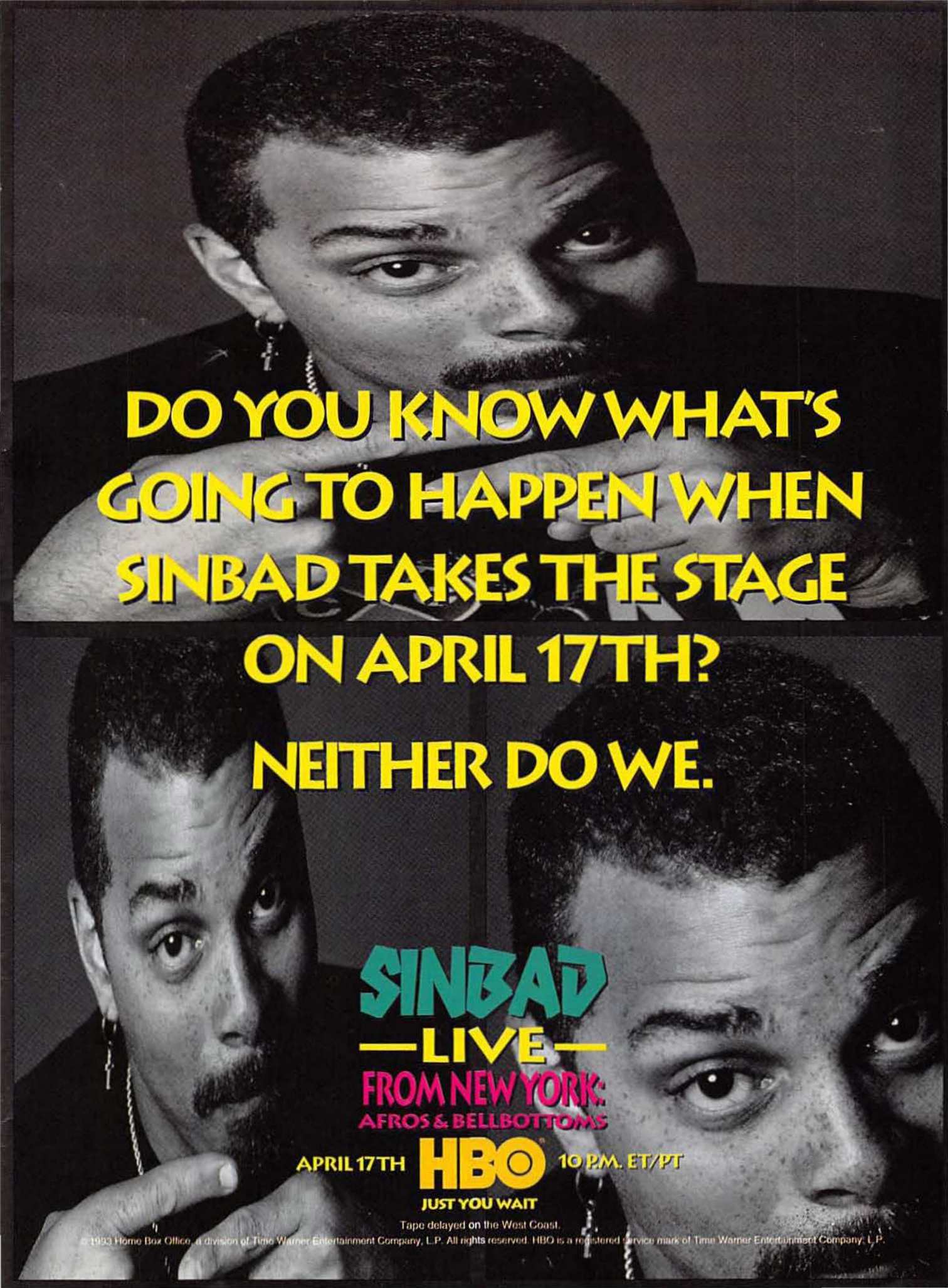
SHE HAS SASHAYED DOWN fashion runways for Ralph Lauren, played a Bond bombshell in *Licence to Kill*, and driven Griffin Dunne's talking penis mad with desire in Doris Dorrie's deeply weird 1989 film, *Me and Him*. Now Carey Lowell, 32, is stepping into a whole new ball game—she's going to bat for Penny Marshall in CBS' *A League of Their Own* (Saturdays, 9 p.m.).

"I'm playing the catcher Dottie Hinson," she says. "It's the role Geena Davis had in the film version, so I feel like I'm filling really big shoes."

She's filling a really big wig, as well. The model-slash-actress' famous short-cropped hair didn't jibe with the show's 1940s styles, so Lowell was outfitted with a shoulder-length 'do. She also had to learn some basic baseball shtick—like how to catch and throw a ball. Such minor nuisances, however, haven't marred her first foray into TV acting. "A sitcom is the most civilized life you can have as an actor," she says. "I work only five days a week. I don't go on location. My hours are 10 to 5. That's an incredible lifestyle for an actor."

The cushy taping schedule leaves Lowell lots of time to pursue other projects—like her brief role in Nora Ephron's upcoming feature film, *Sleepless in Seattle*. "I play Tom Hanks' dead wife," she says. "It's a really small part—I'm only on the screen for about 60 seconds, all in flashbacks." There's also Lowell's other major role—being a mom. She and husband Griffin Dunne (they married after meeting on the set of *Me and Him*) had their first child, Hannah, in 1990.

"My career was sort of handed to me," Lowell admits. "I mean, I've taken acting lessons and I've worked very hard, but really it's been easy for me. I haven't had to struggle." At least she bats 1.000 in the honesty department. —Benjamin Svetkey



**DO YOU KNOW WHAT'S
GOING TO HAPPEN WHEN
SINBAD TAKES THE STAGE
ON APRIL 17TH?
NEITHER DO WE.**

SINBAD
—LIVE—
**FROM NEW YORK:
AFROS & BELLBOTTOMS**

APRIL 17TH **HBO** **10 P.M. ET/PT**
JUST YOU WAIT

Tape delayed on the West Coast.

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THE WEEK

All graded reviews are by ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY TV critic **KEN TUCKER**. Other listings are by Bruce Fretts. All times are Eastern daylight and are subject to change.

14

WEDNESDAY

GREAT PERFORMANCES: THE CABINET OF DR. RAMIREZ (PBS, 9–11 p.m.) Mikhail Baryshnikov, Peter Gallagher, and Joan Cusack star in director Peter Sellars' silent update of the 1919 German classic *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*. The film's score mixes music by John Adams (*Nixon in China*) with Tibetan monks' chants.

15

THURSDAY

ABC AFTERSCHOOL SPECIAL: GIRLFRIEND (ABC, 4–5 p.m.) Oprah Winfrey introduces a drama about two New York City high

school girls—one black and one white—who become friends after a classmate is killed by random gunfire.

16

FRIDAY

DUDLEY (CBS, 8:30–9 p.m.) Dudley Moore squanders whatever may have been left of our admiration for his comedic skills in movies like *10* and *Arthur* by making his sitcom debut in a crass piece of junk. He plays Dudley Bristol, a New York-based cabaret singer and pianist. In this premiere episode, he is visited by his ex-wife, played by Joanna Cassidy (*Barbarians at the Gate*), who tells him that their 14-year-old son (Harley Cross) has become "a mess, in a menace-to-society kind of way." By the end of the show, Dudley has broken through to his heretofore rude, hostile son, and has invited this newly charming young man to live with him; the kid agrees.

As written by co-executive producer Susan Beavers (*The Golden Girls*), none of this is believable for an instant. The jokes are flat, the laughter on the soundtrack sounds forced and phony, and the entire

production looks like a tentative rehearsal. Moore can be a funny guy, but he looks awfully miserable here. **D**

17

SATURDAY

ABC'S WORLD OF DISCOVERY: BIKINI: FORBIDDEN PARADISE (ABC, 9–10 p.m.) Calm down, it's not another one of those *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* specials. Instead, *Space Rangers'* Linda Hunt narrates a documentary about the island where the U.S. conducted peacetime atom-bomb tests in 1946.

SINBAD LIVE FROM THE PARAMOUNT: AFROS & BELLBOTTOMS (HBO, 10–11 p.m.) The 6'5" stand-up—who got his start on *Star Search* and will have his own sitcom on Fox next fall—reunites with his *A Different World* director, Debbie Allen, for an hour of comedy from Madison Square Garden.

ZALMAN KING'S RED SHOE DIARIES: JUST LIKE THAT (Showtime, 11–11:30 p.m.) Nina Siemaszko reunites with her *Wild Orchid 2: Two Shades of Blue* director for the tale of a sultry law-firm receptionist torn between her boss and a messenger.

18

SUNDAY

THE CLIMATE PUZZLE (The Weather Channel, 8–8:30 p.m.) This documentary examines the theory that the dinosaurs' extinction resulted from drastic climate changes. But then how do you explain Barney?

MOVIE: THE SEA WOLF (TNT, 8–10 p.m.) Charles Bronson and Christopher Reeve costar in the latest version of Jack London's 1904 shipwreck tale, directed by Michael Anderson (*Around the World in 80 Days*).

MOVIE: THE FIRE NEXT TIME (CBS, 9–11 p.m.; concludes April 20, same time) A fine chunk of ecological rabble-rousing, *The Fire Next Time* is also one of the most visually striking TV movies in a long time. It's set in the year 2017, and the earth is alternately on fire or drowning: Pollution and global warming have brought everything to deadly extremes. In rural Louisiana, a shrimp, played by *Coach's* Craig T. Nelson, finds his life ruined by a severe hurricane; homeless,

CHECK IT OUT

Say It Ain't So, Joe

INSOMNIAC ALERT: Only five more months to catch dancing dentists, aging belly dancers, and spoon-playing maestros on *The Joe Franklin Show*. After 43 years, the schmooze king says he's pulling the plug on his schmaltzy late-night chatfest, which Billy Crystal parodied on *Saturday Night Live*. "I'm on a very big popularity streak right now," insists Franklin, 64. "And my motto has always been to leave before you get evicted."

The show—seen across the country via New Jersey superstation WWOR-TV—ends next August, but Franklin won't fade away from television completely. His inimitable discourses with silent-movie dowagers and stars of Tin Pan Alley—as well as his historic sessions with Elvis and John Lennon—will still be shown in reruns. And Franklin isn't ruling out an eventual comeback. "What I've got going for me is venerability," he says. "I've been around so long I've become a habit." —BS



STARRY NIGHTS: Kidding with Bill Cosby in '89



FIRE FIGHTERS: Nelson, Bedelia brave the elements

he and his family start traveling north, as the heat becomes steadily more oppressive. Nelson's clan becomes a futuristic version of the Joads in *The Grapes of Wrath*, searching for shelter, work, and comfort.

The Fire Next Time, written by co-executive producer James Henerson (*And the Sea Will Tell*), wants to warn us of what will happen if we don't begin conserving our natural resources now. The movie is dedicated "To Our Grandchildren," and there's a brief appearance by real-life environmental scientist Stephen Schneider, who dispenses facts on the damage we have done to the earth. But this two-part movie, directed by Tom McLoughlin (*In a Child's Name*), is more than a science lesson; its characters are gratifyingly detailed. The relationships between Nelson, his wife, played by Bonnie Bedelia (*Die Hard*), and their children (Justin Whalen, Shawn Toovey, and the remarkably subtle Ashley Jones as 16-year-old Linnie) are tense and complicated—this isn't your usual cardboard science-fiction family.

And the look of the movie is spectacular:

The inescapable heat is conveyed in all its simmering, sweaty intensity, while some of the frightening hurricane scenes were filmed in the wake of last summer's Hurricane Andrew. There's a certain amount of corny dialogue, self-important speechifying, and overwrought melodrama in *Fire*, but in a way, all that suits its subject. A big, messy movie about a big, messy subject. **B+**

19 MONDAY

MOVIE: FATHER & SON: DANGEROUS RELATIONS (NBC, 9–11 p.m.) Louis Gossett Jr. and Blair Underwood play a convicted murderer and his inmate son who meet behind bars and are paroled into each other's custody.

OLD TIMES (Bravo, 10–11:30 p.m.) This trim production of Harold Pinter's cold-to-the-point-of-chilling 1970 play stars John Malkovich (*Of Mice and Men*) and Kate Nelligan (*The Prince of Tides*) as Deeley and Kate, husband and wife playing host to an

old friend of Kate's, Anna (*The Crying Game*'s Miranda Richardson). Kate hasn't seen Anna in more than 20 years, and the three protagonists sit around engaging in some lengthy after-dinner reminiscing. Their conversation is polite, aimless, banal: movies seen, meals eaten, vacations taken. Yet as the drama critic Kenneth Tynan has said of Pinter, the playwright views language "not as a bridge that brings people together but as a barrier that keeps them apart," and that his characters "leave the vital things unspoken."

In *Old Times*, tangled, strained emotions seep into this trio's conversational clichés. It becomes evident that Deeley is jealous of Anna's old intimacy with his wife; that Anna alternately looks upon Deeley as someone to be seduced or dismissed; that Kate is a pawn who is nevertheless smart enough to manipulate both her husband and her friend. This production, directed by Simon Curtis, is swift and austere; its stars are witty and subtle. They bring the tension in their living room into yours. **A-**

THE RATINGS

Spring Training

FURTHER MID-SEASON schedule shuffling by the networks failed to yield any new break-out shows on the order of *Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman*. Tuesday's preview episode of the CBS cop drama *Bodies of Evidence* (a surprise hit last summer) performed strongly in 25th place, but when the series moved to its regular Friday-night slot, it sank to 59th. Both ABC's Wednesday sitcom *Home Free* (34th) and CBS' Friday vehicle *Good Advice* (39th), starring Shelley Long, premiered promisingly, but neither can be categorized as a solid hit yet.

On Thursday night, the much-heralded showdown between NBC's newly revamped *L.A. Law* and CBS' critically acclaimed *Picket Fences* (created by veteran *Law* producer David E. Kelley) produced a clear victor: ABC's *PrimeTime Live*, which finished 15th, easily beat both *Law* (30th) and *Fences* (67th).

VIEWS* TOP TEN

LAST WEEK

- 1 45.7 THE 65TH ANNUAL ACADEMY AWARDS—ABC, Monday, 9 p.m.
- 2 35.6 HOME IMPROVEMENT1 ABC, Wednesday, 9 p.m.
- 3 30.3 COACH10 ABC, Wednesday, 9:30 p.m.
- 4 28.4 THE MAGIC OF DAVID COPPERFIELD XV—CBS, Tuesday, 8 p.m.
- 5 26.6 THE BARBARA WALTERS SPECIAL—ABC, Monday, 8 p.m.
- 6 26.3 CHEERS15 NBC, Thursday, 9 p.m.
- 7 25.9 SEINFELD12 NBC, Thursday, 9:30 p.m.
- 8 25.8 ROSEANNE2 ABC, Tuesday, 9 p.m.
- 9 25.5 THE SIMPSONS25 Fox, Thursday, 8 p.m.
- 10 24.6 BASKETBALL: KENTUCKY VS. MICHIGAN—CBS, Saturday, 8 p.m.

BOTTOM FIVE

- 89 7.1 FLYING BLIND87 Fox, Sunday, 10 p.m.
- 90 6.6 PARKER LEWIS91 Fox, Sunday, 7 p.m.
- 91 6.5 THE EDGE90 Fox, Sunday, 10:30 p.m.
- 92 6.4 TRIBECA84 Fox, Tuesday, 9 p.m.
- 93 5.3 CLASS OF '9692 Fox, Tuesday, 8 p.m.

*IN MILLIONS WEEK OF MARCH 29–APRIL 4
SOURCE: NIELSEN MEDIA RESEARCH

Camelot Rot

Part of the pleasure of a Dominick Dunne novel is matching the fictional characters to their real-life counterparts. His new book makes it a bit too easy. **BY GENE LYONS**

READERS are hereby enjoined from heeding malicious speculation. There is absolutely no truth to the rumor that **A SEASON IN PURGATORY** (Crown, \$22), Dominick Dunne's highly entertaining if rather salacious novel about a criminally rich clan of Irish Catholic New Englanders with dynastic political ambitions, is meant to represent any family you ever heard of. All characters and incidents portrayed are purely imaginary. Any and all resemblances to Joseph P. and Rose Kennedy of Boston, Hyannisport, Palm Beach, etc., their heirs and de-

scendants, courtiers, and hangers-on are wholly and purely coincidental.

Okay, so there are some resemblances: Paterfamilias Gerald Bradley—an almost comically ruthless tycoon with a habit of slipping into the beds of his daughters' bridesmaids, then doling out mink coats and hush money—may appear to have been lifted from the pages of Nigel Hamilton's controversial biography *JFK*. Ditto Bradley's shallow, social-climbing, ostentatiously pious wife, Grace. Or their huge brood of toothy, charming, athletic children—including the martyred Kevin, killed in a war he could have avoided, and poor mad

Agnes, sequestered among nuns and forgotten. But there are big differences from the Kennedy saga too. The Bradley boys, see, attend Yale, *not* Harvard. They go to Congress from Connecticut, *not* Massachusetts. And they don't play touch football. They play softball.

And it's with a softball bat that handsome, charismatic Constant Bradley, his father's favorite, is said to have bludgeoned to death a 15-year-old neighbor named Winifred Utley late one night in 1973. According to the Bradleys and their sycophants among the press, it's a vicious, entirely false accusation made nearly 20 years after the fact by one Harrison Burns, a scholarship student befriended by Constant at prep school and given an Ivy League education at his family's expense. And besides, the wench was a tease. "A youthful prank that got out of hand," Constant's father and brothers think.

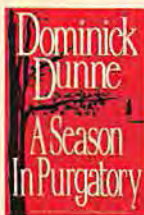
However, Burns himself, the novel's protagonist and sometime narrator, tells a different story—an almost Dickensian tale of teenage infatuation, moral seduction, bribery, cover-up, and haunting guilt. "Be careful, Harrison. That's all I ask," warns his maiden aunt, Gert. "It's very dangerous to be around those people when you don't have their kind of money."

For all its commercial slickness, there's much to praise in the first two-thirds of the novel. The author of *The Two Mrs. Grenvilles* and *An Inconvenient Woman*, Dunne has made a career of depicting the sins of the polo-playing set. His knowing portrayal of the Bradley clan achieves exactly the right balance of satire and compassion. Readers will find it hard to decide which is the more ludicrous spectacle: rich Irish Catholics who ape the British upper classes, or the WASP neighbors who snub them.

Alas, something goes badly wrong in

EXCERPT

Our Kind and Not Our Kind



THE NEXT MORNING on the tennis court, Constant and I waited for Kitt and Mary Pat to finish their match with the tennis teacher before we played. "Hi, kid," said Kitt, when she walked off the court. Kitt called everyone kid. They all called everyone kid, but mostly Kitt. When she said it to you, you knew that you had been accepted, that you were not exactly one of them, but one of the people who orbited around their magnificence.

Constant was everyone's favorite in the family. He was flattered out of his senses from earliest childhood. Kitt was Constant's favorite. She had the puzzling kind of good looks that are unconnected with beauty yet are more arresting, and a flippant outspoken manner that delighted her siblings but disturbed her mother.

"Where is she?" asked Kitt, walking past a new maid with a frightened expression who opened the door of her mother's house. Kitt often referred to her mother as she and her.

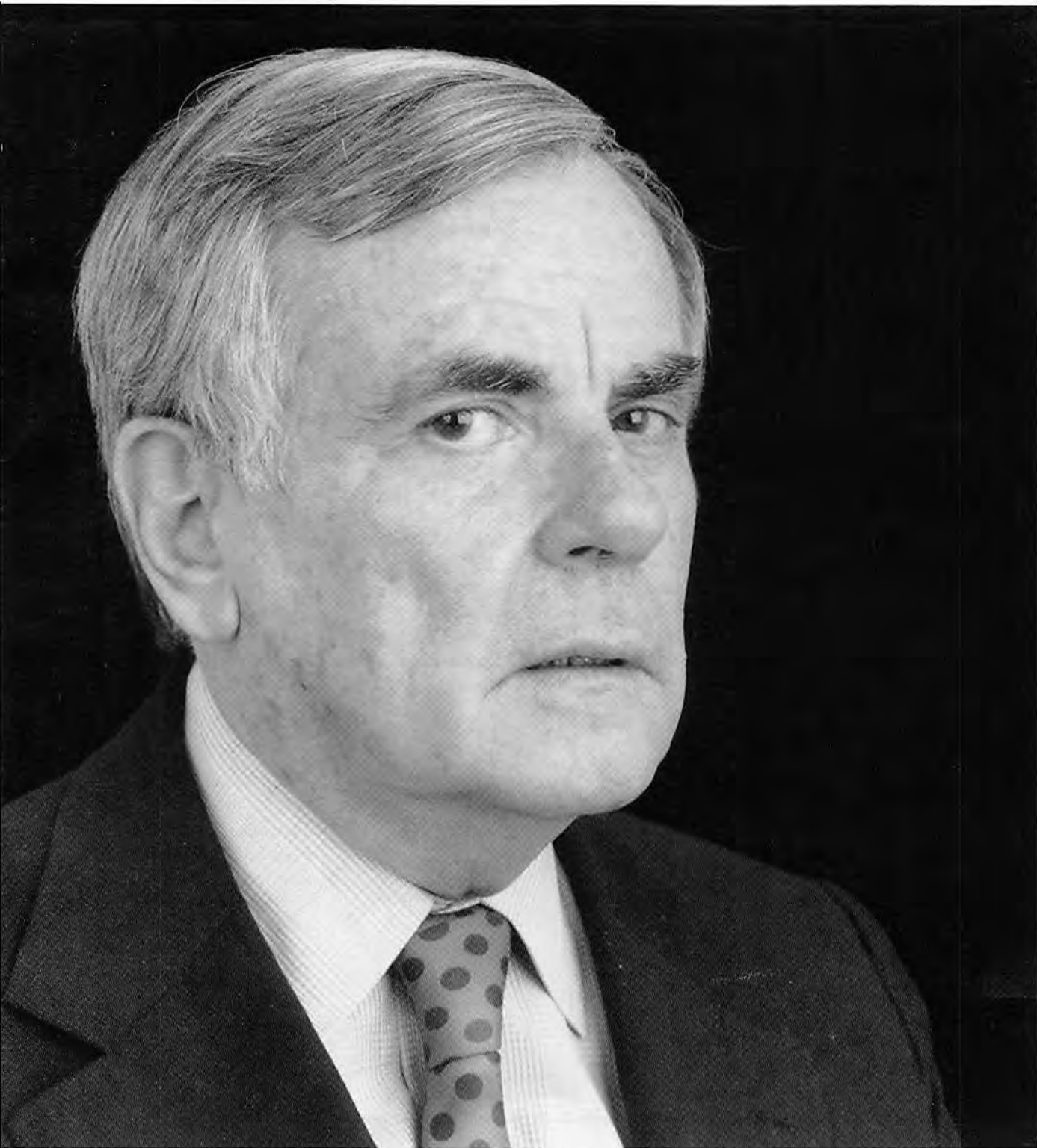
"In the pantry."

"Mother in the pantry? Doing what? Firing the cook?"

"Doing the flowers."

"Oh, yes, the flowers."

She was then, when I first met her, a student at the Sacred Heart Convent in another small Connecticut town. No Farmington, no Foxcroft, for the Bradley ladies. They went to the Madams, as the Sacred Heart sisters were called. The Madams were the aristocrats of nuns, from good families themselves, and rich ones. Agnes Bradley, the eldest sister in the family, I later discovered...longed to have become a Madam herself, but madness intervened. Her madness. The thing the family never talked about.



AT THE KEYHOLE OF HISTORY: Dunne's specialties include secrets of the bedroom and class anxieties

the novel at just about the time that Burns, by now a successful "true crime" writer with a particular interest in the psychological effects of long-buried secrets, allows himself to be swept into the family's orbit for the second time. "It's like a big black cloud hovering over the two of us," he informs Constant in

soap opera tones. "The unmentioned subject. The thing we pretend never happened....Dare I even say the words? Winifred Utley."

No sooner dares he say them, however, than *A Season in Purgatory* veers into melodrama. What ought to have been the gripping courtroom drama

hinted at in the novel's opening pages becomes a murky progression of botched assassinations, fortuitous heart attacks and strokes, and a homicide trial filled with more legal absurdities than a half-dozen episodes of *Night Court*. After so promising a start, it's a letdown. Even so, a solid **B**.

Blind Faith

GOSPEL

By Wilton Barnhardt

(Fiction, St. Martin's, \$24.95)

THIS IS A GOOD time for a novel sabotaging fundamentalism. Reading the news, you get the impression that Allah forbids pork but heartily endorses truck bombs and that Paul commended semiautomatic weapons to the Corinthians. "Mentus means 'mind,'" one of the scholarly heroes of Wilton Barnhardt's *Gospel* says to a TV evangelist. "Fundus to the Romans meant 'anus.' Fundamentalist: a mind like an anus."

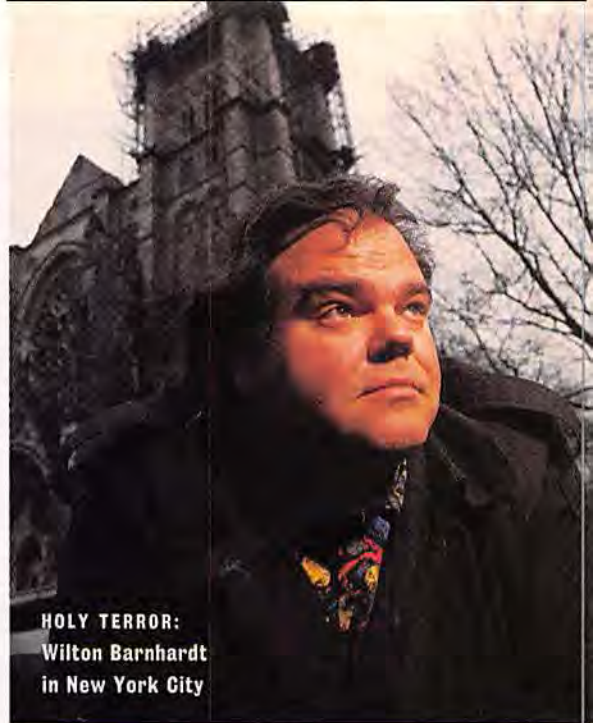
This is mischievous scholarship; most of *Gospel* is scholarly mischief. It's a crowded, colossal fictional St. Peter's for lapsed Catholics or liberal Catholics and agnostics who think religion is a racket but who have to admit that life would be much less interesting without it.

The plot is generated by a quest for a mysterious fifth Gospel, a scroll that outscrolls even the Dead Sea Scrolls. As in most fictional quests, the object mat-

ters less than the obstacles along the way. It begins when Lucy Dantan, a 28-year-old theology student at the University of Chicago, is sent to England to retrieve Patrick O'Hanrahan, a renegade professor who has disappeared in a cloud of credit-card bills charged to his department. She evolves from a fly in his ointment to a sidekick as the elusive scroll takes them from Oxford to Ireland, Italy, Egypt, Jerusalem, and born-again Louisiana.

Lucy's residual faith is imperiled by her meeting a Greek Adonis, handsome as a statue and about as smart, and by O'Hanrahan's course of lectures. Christian Follies and Frauds 101: doctored Scriptures, faked relics, and papal orgies. The reader also gets the sought-after Gospel, written by Matthias, a disciple who found his faith by losing it. Barnhardt doesn't bother to make it sound anything but apocryphal, but it's based on solid scholarship. What Paul, inventing Christian orthodoxy, took out of its confused, sectarian Jewish context

is put back in. Yet the voice of the Trinity, which has gotten a parenthetical word in edgewise throughout the novel, gets the last word: The only faith that counts is good works. Barnhardt has written an impish but not exactly impious book. It is a dialogue with Rabelais' "Great Perhaps," a comic catechism for doubting Thomases. **A** —L.S. Klepp



HOLY TERROR:
Wilton Barnhardt
in New York City

RUTH PRAWER JHABVALA

Film Is Fun, But Books Are Better

FOR SCREENWRITER and novelist Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, 65, the past few weeks have been exciting. Her 11th novel, *Poet and Dancer* (Doubleday, \$19.95), an elegant tale of offbeat passions, has been published to good reviews, and her screenplay for *Howards End* has won an Oscar. The third partner in the Merchant-Ivory film-production team, Jhabvala is also the pen behind such gorgeous cinematic pieces as *A Room With a View*, *The Europeans*, and, of course, *Howards End*. Is she pleased by the Oscar? "Oh, goodness, I have one already—for *A Room With a View*," Jhabvala says, shedding for a moment her legendary shyness. A small-boned woman with a quiet voice, Jhabvala was born in Germany, immigrated to Britain as a child, and later married Cyrus Jhabvala, a prominent Indian architect. Sitting in her modest Manhattan apartment, she radiates the composure that characterizes her writing.



NOVEL INCLINATION: Jhabvala likes to tell the story herself

Jhabvala clearly would have been happier had *Howards End* won the award for Best Picture instead. "That would make a lot of difference to future films. At Merchant-Ivory we have difficulty finding money for projects. *Shakespeare Wallah*, which was 1965, was successful but we didn't make money. *A Room With a View* was our first big financial success—and that was 1985!"

Is there much difference between writing novels and screenplays? "Oh, yes—a novel involves art; a screenplay, craft. You have to get good structure and scenes going, and good dialogue too. Then the actors and the director take over. When you write a novel, you have to tell the whole story yourself."

Clearly, Jhabvala prefers novels. "It's the long-term value of books that I love. People always ask me, 'What's your hobby?' I say, 'I write screenplays.'" —Claudia Dreifus

IN SHORT

Fiction

MARTIN AND JOHN Dale Peck (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$21*) How do you write a novel that describes the impact AIDS has had on you and still take into account all the other people who are suffering the consequences of the disease? Dale Peck has come up with his answer in *Martin and John*—a book that marks the debut of a remarkably accomplished young writer.

In this kaleidoscopic novel, separate stories come together to form a shifting picture of gay life in the time of AIDS. In each fragment, a character called John tells the story. In most, a character named Martin appears as the object of desire. Always there is the threat of death—especially death by AIDS. Always John is the survivor, while Martin is out of reach, or at risk. By the end, it might be possible to say that everything has resolved into mourning over Martin's death—but that's no resolution, and Peck refuses to make it into one. It might be truer to the book to

MIXED-UP MANHATTAN: From Recipes

say that it simultaneously reflects one man's experience and the experiences of many men. **A** —Stuart Klawans

Nonfiction

REMEMBERING DENNY Calvin Trillin (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$19*) Calvin Trillin's slender but heartfelt investigation into the life and suicide of a promising Yale classmate is both elegy and examination, a loving testimonial edged in guilty ignorance. Beyond that, it's a droll essay on education, social class, and career in the unreal era of the great American dream. **B** —Ira Robbins

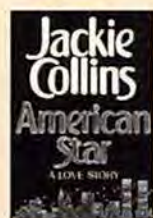
GENIE: AN ABUSED CHILD'S FLIGHT FROM SILENCE Russ Rymer (*HarperCollins, \$20*) Based on a two-part piece in *The New Yorker*, this story of a child who was confined to a small room until the age of 13 is everything good journalism should be and a great deal more. Russ Rymer tells Genie's story with all its enormous implications for developmental psychology and linguistics (when she was discovered in 1970, Genie could not speak and thus fascinated scientists investigating the origins of language) in a way that keeps the narrative moving at an impressive pace. He also has a sure

but unobtrusive hand with the complicated ethical implications of Genie's treatment by people who were sometimes as concerned with her usefulness to research as with her well-being. Sure to be one of the best nonfiction books of the year. **A**

RECIPES FOR DISASTER! Edited by Pam Sommers (*Chronicle Books, \$9.95*) As readers of this magazine are aware, we live in a golden age of illustration. One of its more delightful outcroppings, New York's Illustration Gallery, launched this project of illustrated recipes (both real, as in Anthony Russo's one for elegant biscotti, and metaphorical, as in that for Paul Corio's "squandered youth") by such artists as Roz Chast, George Booth, Art Spiegelman, and Stan Mack. Purely delightful. **A**

BEST-SELLERS

Safety First



IT MAY BE her usual frothy concoction of sex, gossip, and shopping. But *American Star*—Jackie Collins' 14th novel—begins with a warning:

"While *American Star* contains descriptions of unprotected sex appropriate to the period in which the story is set, the author wishes to emphasize the importance of practicing safe sex and the use of condoms in real life."

FICTION

WEEKS ON LIST

- 1 **THE CLIENT**.....4
John Grisham, *Doubleday, \$23.50*
- 2 **THE BRIDGES OF MADISON COUNTY**.....33
Robert James Waller, *Warner, \$14.95*
- 3 **AMERICAN STAR**.....2
Jackie Collins, *Simon & Schuster, \$23*
- 4 **THE TALISMANS OF SHANNARA**.....6
Terry Brooks, *Del Rey, \$22*
- 5 **EINSTEIN'S DREAMS**.....9
Alan Lightman, *Pantheon, \$17*
- 6 **THE CHILDREN OF MEN**.....6
P.D. James, *Knopf, \$22*
- 7 **DEGREE OF GUILT**.....12
Richard North Patterson, *Knopf, \$23*
- 8 **ALONG CAME A SPIDER**.....10
James Patterson, *Little, Brown, \$21.95*
- 9 **STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION: THE DEVIL'S HEART**.....3
Carmen Carter, *Pocket Books, \$20*
- 10 **GRIFFIN & SABINE**.....23
Nick Bantock, *Chronicle, \$17.95*

NONFICTION

- 1 **BEATING THE STREET**.....4
Peter Lynch with John Rothchild, *Simon & Schuster, \$23*
- 2 **HEALING AND THE MIND**.....9
Bill Moyers, *Doubleday, \$25*
- 3 **WOMEN WHO RUN WITH THE WOLVES**.....32
Clarissa Pinkola Estés, *Ballantine, \$20*
- 4 **THE WAY THINGS OUGHT TO BE**.....29
Rush Limbaugh, *Pocket Books, \$22*
- 5 **HARVEY PENICK'S LITTLE RED BOOK**.....33
Harvey Penick and Bud Shrake, *Simon & Schuster, \$19*
- 6 **BANKRUPTCY 1995**.....20
Harry E. Figgie, *Little, Brown, \$19.95*
- 7 **OFFICIAL AND CONFIDENTIAL: THE SECRET LIFE OF J. EDGAR HOOVER**.....7
Anthony Summers, *Putnam, \$25.95*
- 8 **YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE**.....2
Joe Dominguez, *Viking, \$20*
- 9 **MEN ARE FROM MARS, WOMEN ARE FROM VENUS**.....4
John Gray, *HarperCollins, \$20*
- 10 **PREPARING FOR THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY**.....4
Paul Kennedy, *Random House, \$25*

SOURCE: PUBLISHERS WEEKLY



Enya Face

Call it New Age. Call it Irish wispy. But whatever bin it belongs in, Irish singer Enya's multiplatinum album *Shepherd Moons* just won't leave you alone. BY DAVID BROWNE

IN NOVEMBER 1991, Reprise Records released Enya's *SHEPHERD MOONS*, the follow-up to the Irish singer's 1988 album, *Watermark*. Within the confines of the ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY music department, we did what most critic types did at the time: We gave a quick listen to its pristine, immaculately produced surfaces and then made sarcastic jokes about Celtic New Age stars who resemble Demi Moore. When we begrudgingly realized a review was called for, we relegated *Shepherd Moons* to a quick paragraph and a B grade and thought that was the end of it.

Shows how much we know. Almost a

year and a half later, the album still sells at the rate of roughly 18,000 copies a week—2 million copies so far—and continues to linger on the fringes of the *Billboard* Top 40 album chart. "That's pretty strong," says Mike Fine, CEO of SoundScan, the company that tabulates record sales. "Most artists don't generate that type of sales 75 weeks after release." It has also grabbed the No. 1 spot on the *Billboard* New Age chart for 47 consecutive weeks. *Watermark*, meanwhile, has sold more than 2 million.

Sales figures tell only half the story, though. Enya (née Eithne Ni Bhraonain) has become something of a soundtrack for our lives. Her music can be

heard in restaurants and bookstores, on TV commercials, and on the soundtracks of movies like *Far and Away*, *Green Card*, and *Toys*. A few weeks back, the *Shepherd Moons* track "Caribbean Blue" (a breathy, upbeat waltz that personifies everything Enya) popped up as background music on, of all things, the surf-and-mirth TV series *Baywatch*.

Sleeper albums aren't new in pop. As of this writing, *The Best of Van Morrison* and Nine Inch Nails' 1989 debut *Pretty Hate Machine* are loitering on the pop charts long after they should have departed (150 and 109 weeks, respectively), and rock's ultimate cult item, Pink Floyd's 1973 headphone symphony *The Dark Side of the Moon*, has just been given the deluxe treatment for its 20th birthday (see box).

Maybe it has something to do with the word *moon*, but like that album, *Shepherd Moons* is more than a chart mainstay; clearly it has tapped into our collective psyche. How else do you explain the way people who normally hate anything even remotely New Age—like Top 40 fans and college-radio mavens—are drawn to Enya? Maybe a colleague nailed it when she said Enya's interchangeable albums (including her tentative, eponymous debut from 1986) are a form of mass hypnosis: Beneath the records' crystalline grooves are voices telling us to listen to Enya, listen to Enya, listen to Enya.

For those who haven't had the pleasure of hearing the music, a quick sonic description: Although it is called New Age, Enya's vacuum-packed music is more like pop with classical pretensions. She sings—or, more like it, breathes—in a pure, virginal soprano, occasionally in Gaelic. She then records up to 200 additional vocal parts and layers them for a gothic-choir effect. Other songs are strictly instrumentals. In either case,

'DARK SIDE' AT 20

Lunatics Still on the Grass

ENYA'S *Shepherd Moons* may be *The Dark Side of the Moon* for a new generation of pensive audiophiles, but how does the original hold up? Just in time for a reassessment is Capitol's *The Dark Side of the Moon: Twentieth Anniversary Edition*, a limited-edition repackaging of Pink Floyd's head-music milestone, which has sold 25 million copies worldwide since 1973. For just a

dollar more than an average CD, Floyd diehards can get the newly remastered CD of the album in a black box with a snappy color booklet and five postcards that play off the album's mondo-mysterious prism and pyramid motifs. None of it is a substitute for those posters and stickers that came with the original LP, but in keeping with the group's reputation for totally cool packaging, a holographic prism is printed on the CD itself.

As for the music, Floyd's journey through time, space, and "Money" holds up startlingly well. A major influence on alternative bands like the Cure

and techno acts like the Orb, the album still works as a seamless art-rock whole, and the remixed sound beautifully enhances moments like the swelling chorus of "Us and Them" and the instrumental interplay on "Any Colour You Like." And check out how the alarm clocks and sound effects sound now! (The anniversary edition, which is limited to only 100,000 pressings in the U.S., also settles one long-standing argument: Yes, there are two *thes* in the album title.) Twenty years on, Pink Floyd's tales from *The Dark Side* continues to be comfortably numbing. —DB



SMOOTH SAILING:
The Irish singer
glides into
multiplatinum
waters



DAVID LACHAPPEL: STYLING: VICTORIA MARTLET; HAIR: REAN O'LEARY FOR THE SPOT; MAKEUP: BILLY EMB

Enya's glistening cascades of piano and synthesizers sound soothingly like a gently flowing waterfall. (That could explain why *Shepherd Moons* sells best on the water-loving West Coast.) The combined effect is both captivating and elusive. The frail melodies seem to slip through your fingers, repeatedly drawing you back into the record in the vain hope that *this time* you will pin it down. Much like Enya herself, in fact, who rarely does interviews and keeps a low profile in Ireland when not recording.

No, sleeper albums don't get any sleepier than *Shepherd Moons*. But at the same time, Enya's music isn't nearly as numbing as anesthetics like Kenny G. Her relaxing melodies are a retreat—from more clattering forms of pop like rap and alternative rock, from the barrage of media and hype in contemporary culture, from the struggles and annoyances of daily life. But as escapes go, her music is surprisingly realistic. Beneath the aural beauty lies the forlorn, brooding pessimism common to the Irish. In album photos, Enya is often shown in stark black-and-white shots standing before rocky cliffs and windswept beaches. The love songs are predominantly mournful ("Who then can warm my soul?/Who can quell my passion?" she murmurs on *Watermark's* "Exile"). And though she may acknowledge the world's injustices on *Moon's* "How Can I Keep From Singing?" she doesn't sound terribly convinced that her music can change anything.

You don't have to be Celtic to appreciate those sentiments, which may be the key to the ongoing success of *Shepherd Moons*. Enya's fans don't kid themselves: Her music may be escapist, but sorrow, loss, and displacement are lurking around the corner—often just like in life itself. On second thought, *Shepherd Moons* is an **A-**.

Broken Record

CHRIS ISAAK

San Francisco Days
(Reprise)

CHRIS ISAAK is such a polite romantic—you just know he wipes the tears right off his pillow so they won't

BLACK BOLO,
WHITE GUY:
Isaak is adrift
in a sea of love



stain the fabric. To him, unrequited love is more than a mere obsession; it's a fashion statement. Listening to the desert-dry odes to unfulfilled desires and broken hearts on *San Francisco Days*, it's easy to imagine Isaak, wracked with romantic despair, glancing in the mirror just to make sure every hair is in place.

Isaak has sustained that moody romanticism over three albums (and the subtly ear-catching "Wicked Game," his left-field 1991 winner). *San Francisco Days* barely alters the formula; one song, "Can't Do a Thing (To Stop Me),"

even sounds like a color Xerox of the earlier hit. For the most part, Isaak dreamily croons lines like "I still love you/I still want you/I still need you," "I love you so much/I love you too much," and "All the good hearts have been taken" to the echoey, mild-mannered twang of his band, Silvertone. The music is as well crafted as rich Corinthian leather, but it can also be stiflingly monotonous. He doesn't pump much life into a cover of Neil Diamond's great, sulking '60s hit "Solitary Man," either. Maybe "Song Sung Blue" would have been a better choice. **B-** —DB

'Noise' Is Off

DAVID BOWIE

Black Tie White Noise

(Savage/BMG)

OVER THE YEARS, David Bowie has assumed many musical personae—glam-rocker Ziggy Stardust, disco-rock-er The Thin White Duke, regular-joe hard-rocker as lead singer of Tin Machine. On the stultifying yet annoying *Black Tie White Noise*, he seems to be trying out a new one: nonrocking Smug Dullard. Working once again with producer Nile Rodgers, Bowie essays endless, listless dance grooves, moaning tiredly over frilly ornamentation such as Lester Bowie's bleating jazz horn-playing. There are exactly two good songs: the dreamy "Miracle Goodnight" and a witty cover of Morrissey's "I Know It's Gonna Happen Someday." Throughout, Bowie sounds knowing, glum, and—above all—hipper than thee and me. So instead of *Black Tie*, buy the CD of 1976's *Station to Station*, on which he really was. **D** —Ken Tucker

Still Kinky

THE KINKS

Phobia

(Columbia)

FOR MANY YEARS, new Kinks albums have contained numbers that have hardly come up to the band's historically high standards. But there has never been a Kinks LP that didn't contain at least a couple of things well worth listening to, and *Phobia* is no exception. Though it has a few comparatively trivial numbers, like the standard mid-tempo tune "Somebody Stole My Car," there are also some great ones: the heartfelt rocker "Drift Away," the lovely ballads "Still Searching" and "The Informer," and "Hatred," songwriter Ray Davies' duet with longtime enemy, partner, and, of course, brother, Dave. Twenty-nine years into their career, the Kinks are still the proverbial girl with the curl, and when they are good, they are very, very good indeed. **B+** —Gina Arnold

SEVEN WAYS TO MAKE BOWIE JUMP

All Remixed Up

DAVID BOWIE hops on the "jump" bandwagon with his current single "Jump They Say." Picture him hangin' with homeboys Kris Kross ("Jump") and House of Pain ("Jump Around"), saying, "You fellers might be on to somefing. I need a Top 40 hit. I know! I'll pen a tune about jumping! Brilliant!" And to absolutely guarantee that the single will ascend the mighty pop charts, "Jump They Say" comes in 10 nearly identical but subtly different versions, including: "The Album Version," "The Club Hart Remix," "The Radio Edit 1," and "The Leftfield Remix."

But, hey, why stop there, Dave? Here are some additional versions you might want to consider:

- ◆ **The Trail Mix:** Ziggy Stardust adopts a country twang and Garth Brooks lends his cowboy hat!
- ◆ **The Mix Master:** Uncut and unedited. Bowie breathes. He coughs. He sips expensive bottled water. He calls Iman and reminds her to pick up his Armani suits at the dry cleaners. And you are there.
- ◆ **The Slick Rick Mix:** A rap version complete with dirty words that radio will not play. Guarantees a Parental Advisory sticker and more sales to the kiddies.
- ◆ **The Styx Mix:** Bowie co-opts the '70s/'80s revivals. Strains of "Blue Jean" and "Come Sail Away" waft subliminally in the background.
- ◆ **The Spoken Word Mix:** A black-turtlenecked Bowie speaks. And he looks a lot like that guy in the Gap ad. Hmmmmm.
- ◆ **The Unplugged and Undrugged Mix:** Bowie leads an acoustic band whose members are all in recovery. Ground control to Major Tom! Hello? One version is plenty, but thank you for sharing. —Michele Romero



LEFT (2): M. CAMERON/AMANA/LEARN; RIGHT (2): SCOTT WEINER/RETNA

TEN STUPID QUESTIONS

Out of the Mouth of Belly

WE KNOW THAT alternative-rock goddess Tanya Donelly, the 5'2" founder of Belly, wears red platform shoes with big buckles. We know that she played guitar with Throwing Muses for six years and helped form the Breeders as a side project before striking out on her own. We also know that Belly's swirly pop debut, *Star*, became the No. 1 college album earlier this year. And that Donelly, who plans to marry another guitarist, Chick Graning, in August, is responsible for the album's catchy lyrics, vocals, and sensual undercurrent. But

there was still a lot we didn't know about the 26-year-old native of Newport, R.I.

Have you ever written anything on a bathroom wall?

I once wrote something on the back of an airplane toilet seat. Ivo [Watts-Russell], the guy who runs our English label, sent me a quote, "We disrupt the grace of living when we lie." It was my favorite thing that day.

What did your third-grade teacher say about you, and is it still true? That I was too quiet and tired all the time. I'm less shy now, but I'm still tired a lot.

How did you learn to kiss? On my hand. I still do kiss my hand sometimes.

What record in your collection are you ashamed of?

I have every record that Paul McCartney ever made. I feel a combination of shame and childhood pride over that.

Can you drive a stick shift? That's *all* I drive. I space out with an automatic. I forget I'm driving a machine—not a good thing.

What ambition have you given up already? I've given up on beauty. It used to be really important to me as a teenager, and I can honestly say it's not a goal anymore.

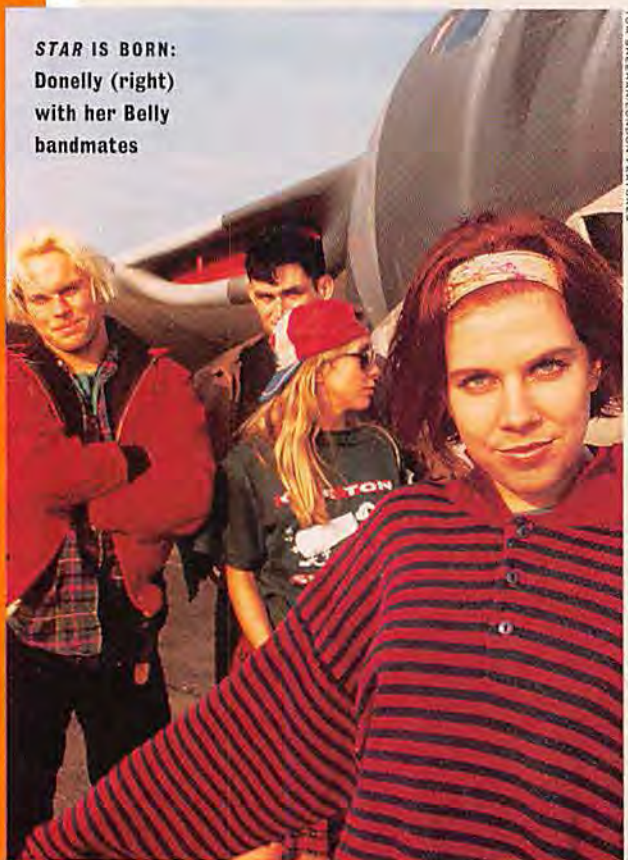
In what ways are you still a virgin? Religiously. I'm a very spiritual person, but I haven't found God yet.

How long do you wait when people are late? A half hour on the outside. I'm really bad at waiting for people. That said, I'm always late myself.

What's life like on Planet Belly? Scatological. We talk about bodily functions a lot.

What is your favorite flavor of Life Savers? Wint O Green—because they sparkle when you bite into them. —Tara McKelvey

STAR IS BORN: Donelly (right) with her Belly bandmates



IN SHORT Pop/Rock

KATHIE LEE GIFFORD *Sentimental* (Warner Bros.) Go ahead, laugh all you want. But this album by TV's terminally perky Kathie Lee Gifford is a sweet surprise. She delivers 10 pop standards ("Over the Rainbow," "Hey There") with effortless grace—and, best of all, with no pretense. Deep she's not, which is why things wear a little thin halfway through. But in small doses she delivers a happy kind of thought-free pleasure. **B** —Greg Sandow

GORDON LIGHTFOOT *Waiting For You* (Reprise) His production's lazy, his voice ragged, and his first new songs since 1986 quite ordinary: One hook comes from an American soap opera, another from a Swedish art film. A record that might thrive only in Canada, where radio is legally bound to feature homegrown produce. **C** —Deborah Frost

BLUES TRAVELER *Save His Soul* (A&M) As comforting and sensational as tea with lemon and honey, John Popper could have one of rock's greatest throats. His equally virtuosic harmonica, wit ("Go Outside & Drive"), and sensitivity ("Letter From a Friend") make you almost forget his blatant Van Morrison cop ("Conquer Me") and overly busy bar-band buddies. **B** —DF

SUGAR Beaster (Rykodisc) On last year's *Copper Blue* album, Sugar leader Bob Mould confirmed that no one writes better songs about embattled relationships or sets them to such a glorious metallic scrap heap of sound. *Beaster*, a six-song album meant to display an even more savage side to the band, mostly proves Mould needs good songs, not rants, to put it all across. A post-script for the die-hard fan. **C+** —DB

VARIOUS ARTISTS *The Fire/Fury Records Story* (Capricorn/Warner Bros.) Early-'60s rock and blues records didn't come any smoother than Lee Dorsey's "Ya Ya" or any rawer than Elmore James' "Shake Your Money-maker." These classics and more can be found on this raucous two-CD retrospective of the Fire and Fury labels run by Bobby Robinson out of his Harlem record store. Robinson didn't just know how to pick 'em (Wilbert Harrison's "Kansas City," Gladys



TRAVEL GUIDES: Singer John Popper (right) has the soul that saves Blues Traveler

Knight's "Every Beat of My Heart"), he knew how to make great records with 'em, too. **B+**

—Billy Altman

VIDEO BRIEFS

Panty Raid

MADONNA's upscale "Bad Girl" empties a purseful of panties into a basin after a seamy night out. A leggy type in Naughty By Nature's "Hip Hop Hooray" gets her knickers in such a knot over watching Treach and Co. on TV that she must rush to wring out her own sinkload of delicacies. And in Neneh Cherry's raucous new clip "Buddy X," she wriggles, Houdini-style, out of her briefs before throwing them in the face of a leering homeboy. Bizarre coincidence or some sort of chick empowerment? Either way, Marky Mark's suddenly looking mighty tame. —Alison Powell



GO ON, GIRL: Cherry drops trou

NICK SCOTTI Nick Scotti (*Reprise*) Nick Scotti, who comes straight from the Michael Bolton school of singing, has one thing going for him—looks—and it doesn't help him at all on this empty debut. He tries really hard to be hip with dance and R&B-flavored pop, but the results are only blah. One ballad ("This Could Take All Night") and the funky "Get Over" (featuring Madonna, who "discovered" him) rise above mediocrity. Stick to modeling, Nick. **D**

—James Earl Hardy

SEBADON Bubble & Scrape (*Sub Pop*) If this group were a mental patient, it'd be a manic depressive. The ups sound like a late-night assault of pots and pans with kitchen utensils, accompanied by spattering feedback. On the down side, Lou Barlow's sensitive-guy musings are better crafted and more accessible than the album's other tunes. His anguish is so palpable you just wanna give the songs a hug. Pass the lithium, but don't pass on a listen. **B+** —MR

Country

STUART DUNCAN Stuart Duncan (*Rounder*) Fans of old-time fiddle music, space grass, and acoustic fusion will want to hunt up this collection of mostly instrumental tunes by the fiddler for the Nashville Bluegrass Band. Joined by guests Bela Fleck, Sam Bush, and Jerry Douglas, Duncan fills his fanciful compositions ("Thai Clips") with lots of flashy licks, but never loses sight of the melody. **B**

—Alanna Nash

THE CHARTS

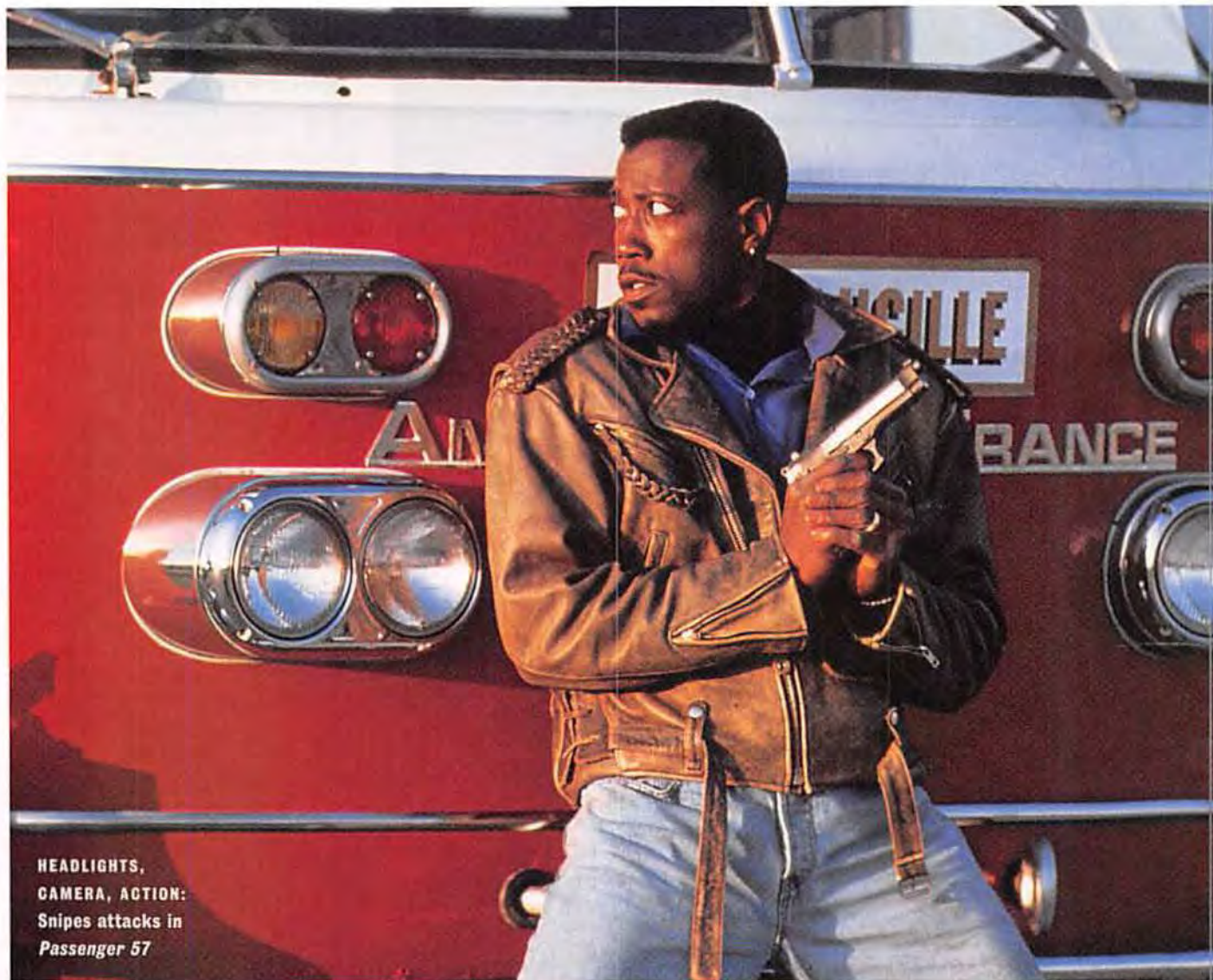
She Has Something

YOU CAN'T KEEP a good *Bodyguard* soundtrack down—especially when it keeps reeling off hit singles like Whitney Houston's "I Have Nothing." The album that has already sold 7 million copies once again reclaims the top spot on the pop albums chart. Meanwhile, L.L. Cool J scores a slam-dunk as his first album in three years enters at No. 5. With all that movement, it's no surprise that last week's No. 1 album, Depeche Mode's *Songs of Faith and Devotion*, takes a five-notch dip. But look on the bright side, guys: The Coverdale/Page album, which debuted in the top 10, has already been banished.

LAST WEEK	POP ALBUMS	WEEKS ON CHART
1 2	SOUNDTRACK20 The Bodyguard, Arista	
2 3	KENNY G20 Breathless, Arista	
3 4	ERIC CLAPTON32 Unplugged, Reprise	
4 6	SPIN DOCTORS42 Pocket Full of Kryptonite, Epic Associated	
5 —	L.L. COOL J 14 Shots to the Dome, Def Jam/Columbia	
6 1	DEPECHE MODE2 Songs of Faith and Devotion, Reprise/Sire	
7 5	STING4 Ten Summoner's Tales, A&M	
8 7	SNOW11 12 Inches of Snow, EastWest	
9 8	DR. DRE16 The Chronic, Interscope/Death Row	
10 9	SILK15 Lose Control, Keia/Elektra	

LAST WEEK	WORLD MUSIC	WEEKS ON CHART
1 3	VARIOUS ARTISTS11 Global Meditation, The Relaxation Company	
2 1	BOUKMAN EKSPERYANS17 Kalfou Danjere, Mango	
3 4	MOUTH MUSIC5 Mo-Di, Rykodisc	
4 2	THE TAHITIAN CHOIR27 Rapa Iti, Triloka	
5 8	RY COODER/V.M. BHATT3 A Meeting by the River, Waterlily Acoustics	
6 6	ZAKIR HUSSAIN21 Zakir Hussain and the Rhythm Experience, Moment	
7 7	OFRA HAZA33 Kirya, Shanachie	
8 5	BOB MARLEY25 Songs of Freedom, Tuff Gong/Island	
9 11	THE CHIEFTAINS3 The Celtic Harp, RCA Victor	
10 9	BUCKWHEAT ZYDECO5 Menagerie: The Essential Collection, Mango	

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HEADLIGHTS,
CAMERA, ACTION:
Snipes attacks in
Passenger 57

Try Hard

Wesley Snipes goes the Bruce Willis route in the hijack thriller *Passenger 57*, a movie that attempts to turn the standard action-hero formula into a runaway success. **BY TY BURR**

AS BRAINLESS *Die Hard* clones go, **PASSENGER 57** (1992, Warner, \$94.99, R) is lucky: It has a real actor for a star. Wesley Snipes plays the main character, a former Secret Service agent named John Cutter, who happens to be on a passenger plane when it's hijacked by terrorists. Since debuting in the late '80s, Snipes has had a career that dances

niftily around typecasting—he can play hero or heavy with ease. Initially his build won him small roles as an athlete in *Wildcats*, *Major League*, and *Streets of Gold*, but the next two supporting parts proved to be springboards. His streetwise cop in Abel Ferrara's gritty *The King of New York* seemed to lead naturally to Nino Brown, the flamboyant drug bigwig of Mario Van Peebles' *New Jack City*. And a sharply ob-

served performance as a jazzbo rival to Denzel Washington in Spike Lee's *Mo' Better Blues* led to Snipes' playing the lead in Lee's *Jungle Fever*: a callow, charismatic buppie who pays hard when he slips adulterously across the racial divide.

Snipes made three films in 1992, each with something totally different at stake. The ingratiating basketball comedy *White Men Can't Jump* is a buddy

movie dependent on rowdy salt-and-pepper interplay with Woody Harrelson. In the affecting drama *The Waterdance*, Snipes is barely recognizable as a wry, self-pitying paraplegic who befriends a similarly disabled character played by Eric Stoltz. Then there's *Passenger 57*, which lets him go it alone in a role that could have been written for a Willis, a Stallone, or a Costner. And in this one, Snipes is...careful.

Granted, Cutter is meant to be faster with his hands and feet than with his mouth, but the star plays so close to the vest, he's nearly generic. So's the rest of the movie. Plot elements are functional and perfunctory: Bad guy Charles Rane (Bruce Payne) is an epicene Euro-terrorist in the mold of *Die Hard*'s Alan Rickman; Cutter's action-hero gymnastics on and off the airplane recall *Die Hard 2*; more important, the fact that Cutter has to fight both terrorists and pigheaded bureaucrats mimics the little-guy-against-the-system righteousness of Bruce Willis' John McClane.

But Cutter is a black little guy against a white system, and that loads *Passenger 57* with more baggage than a jumbo jet. In fact, to see this movie on video is to become wise to the ways in which the film industry covers its ass. Here's a big commercial thriller that casts a black actor as the hero and pretends that it's no big deal. But if you can read between the punches—easy to do, since like most action extravaganzas *Passenger 57* gets out of your face as it moves out of the theater and on to the tube—the movie reveals a caution that's fascinating for what it says about Hollywood's take on the world. It's like a weirdly wrongheaded demographics experiment, asking unasked-for questions like, must an action film starring a black man by nature appeal only to black audiences? If so, what would it take to destigmatize it for "mainstream" (i.e., white) audiences? And does it matter if the story line gets lost in the fine-tuning?

On one hand, the moviemakers ghettoize *Passenger 57* with updated blaxploitation trappings: a "funky" score by '70s jazz-rocker Stanley Clarke, a dim Southern sheriff named Biggs (as in bigot) for Cutter to insult and befriend. On the other hand, it throws white au-

CARRY-ON ENTERTAINMENT

A Crash Course in Plane Safety

IT WOULD BE THE PERFECT tabloid headline: PORTABLE VIDEO-GAME GADGET CAUSES DC-10 CRASH! It just wouldn't be the perfect truth.

With a flurry of recent reports in *TIME*, *USA Today*, and other publications that hand-held electronic devices dangerously interfere with airplane navigation equipment, you'd think that Tetris games were regularly pitching jetliners into the Atlantic. Yet, even though devices such as portable video games, TV/VCR combos, and CD and tape players do emit electromagnetic signals that have the potential to affect communications and navigation gear, airline professionals say the likelihood of interference is virtually negligible—and all the scare stories about in-flight hazards are just that.

However, the Federal Aviation Administration is concerned enough that it has asked RTCA, Inc. (formerly known as the Radio Technical Commission for Aeronautics), an independent, nonprofit advisory group, to launch a new investigation. One reason for scrutiny is reports from pilots of signal interference—the International Air Transport Association, for example, says it has received some 50 accounts in the past six months. Another is that a huge number of new devices, from Game Boys to portable VCRs, have flooded the market in the past few years—so even though an RTCA report as recent as 1988 concluded that portable electronics weren't much of a threat to planes, the proliferation of tiny new entertainment gizmos increases the potential for trouble. And because cockpit electronics are smaller and lower in voltage than ever, they may be more vulnerable.

Of course, the airlines' own passenger-area electronic gadgets—from microwave ovens to in-the-seat video screens—emit their own signals, raising the suspicion that airlines are simply looking to decrease the competition so they can make travelers more interested in new products they're developing. (Nintendo is currently working with airlines to create in-flight video games.) But insiders don't seem to think there's a conspiracy afoot. For one thing, the FAA is not likely to ban personal electronics on planes. "We don't think it's appropriate that airlines are passing a responsibility to government that has for years been something they individually had to determine," says Anthony J. Broderick, the FAA's associate administrator for regulation and certification.

RTCA expects to conclude its study sometime next year. David Watrous, its president, says the group's primary goal is to get enough information to separate hysteria from truth. "People should not be alarmed," he says. "But we simply don't have all the answers." In the meantime, all the major airlines will continue to allow passengers to use their Video Watchmen as long as they put them away during takeoff or landing. Which leaves yet another pressing question: Since airlines generally don't show plane-disaster movies, will they balk if you bring your own copy of *Passenger 57* on board? —Sharon Isaak



ILLUSTRATION BY AD MCCAULEY

diences a safety net in the form of Cutter's best buddy, an airline security honcho who helps the airborne hero from the ground. The character's named Sly (as in Stallone) and is played by Tom Sizemore in a bald-faced lounge-impression of Bruce Willis, right down to the buzz cut and whiskey voice. It's a calculated sop that shines like a klieg light against *Passenger 57*'s dim and formulaic biff-bang-boom.

Obviously, Wesley Snipes wants to do more with the action genre. He has a new shoot-'em-up, called *Boiling Point*, coming to theaters this week; the poster shows him in the classic big-bad-hero-with-a-gun pose. I wish him luck. Maybe this time he'll be able to wear the white hat without compromises. **C**

COMING SOON

Due in stores the week of April 21-27:

CASSETTES

- ◆ **Aspen Extreme** (1993, Hollywood, PG-13) Two buddies (Paul Gross and Peter Berg) quit their jobs to become ski instructors.
- ◆ **Eating** (1990, Paramount, R) Henry Jaglom film about women and food.
- ◆ **Night and the City** (1992, FoxVideo, R) Drama starring Robert De Niro and Jessica Lange. New-to-video 1950 version, with Richard Widmark and Gene Tierney, released simultaneously.
- ◆ **Pet Sematary 2** (1992, Paramount, R) Horror sequel starring Anthony Edwards and Edward Furlong.
- ◆ **Simple Men** (1992, New Line, R) Comedy about two brothers (William Sage and Robert Burke) searching for their long-lost father.
- ◆ **The Freddie Mercury Tribute Concert** (1992, Hollywood Records) Wembley Stadium extravaganza featuring Guns N' Roses and George Michael.

LASERDISCS

- ◆ **Nothing Sacred** (1937, Lumivision, unrated) Carole Lombard and Fredric March in screwball comedy about a newspaper hoax. With bonus featurettes and home movies.
- ◆ **General Spanky/Our Gang Shorts** (1936-40, MGM/UA, unrated) Little Rascals roundup includes troupe's sole feature film.

UP TEMPO:
Miller (lower
right) leads his
band in brassy
behavior



Swing Low

A giant of the jazz age sounds off on *America's Musical Hero*, the new documentary about Glenn Miller. **BY ARTIE SHAW**

FRANKLY, **GLENN MILLER: AMERICA'S MUSICAL HERO** (1993, BMG, \$19.98) is a boring video: You've got to be a real Glenn Miller freak to sit through the whole thing and not fall asleep. Basically, what we have here is a bunch of people talking about music, and if they really gave a damn about music, then they wouldn't pay any attention to Glenn Miller.

Now, I don't want to say anything disparaging about Glenn on a personal level. But, speaking as objectively as I can about his work, it was as close to Lawrence Welk as this kind of music could get, and this video is about as interesting as a documentary about Welk.

Except for being considerably more accurate with its names and dates, this video follows the same pattern as that ridiculous movie *The Glenn Miller Sto-*

ry, which was full of talk about "the sound." What sound? Unless you want to say a clarinet playing lead over four saxes was a big deal. And even that had been done lots of times before.

In this thing, George T. Simon, who knew Glenn since the mid-'30s and later wrote his biography, talks about Glenn's early years and his period as a sideman with Ben Pollack, the Dorsey Brothers, and Ray Noble. Then, various guys from Glenn's three orchestras—his first, comparatively looser band, which flopped, then the highly formulaic band, which struck it rich, and finally that incredibly overblown Army Air Force band—talk about their relationships with Glenn. The major difference between this and *The Glenn Miller Story* is that instead of Jimmy Stewart, who was the original Mr. Warmth, we get Glenn himself, who was a real cold fish.

The old gag is that you don't have to be crazy to be a good musician, but it helps. Anybody who's determined to strive for perfection has got to be a little crazy. Glenn didn't have that element; he was a very methodical man. Glenn was straightlaced and very square. He had a mind like an accountant or an insurance man. His music reflects that, and so does this video. For instance, the filmmakers know they can't make a case for any significant musical contribution that the Miller band is supposed to have made. So what do they do? They make a big deal about how Glenn choreographed his brass section so the guys would wave their horns in the air in unison!

I can't get very excited about this tape. But our society insists on canonizing and deifying artists. So I can guarantee you my opinion is not going to have the slightest effect on the people who weep crocodile tears with nostalgia over poor Major Glenn Miller who died in a plane crash. All I can say is that Glenn should have lived, and "Chattanooga Choo Choo" should have died. **D**



Bandleader Artie Shaw, 82, has been making music since the 1920s. This review was written with Will Friedwald.

IN SHORT

Recent Movies

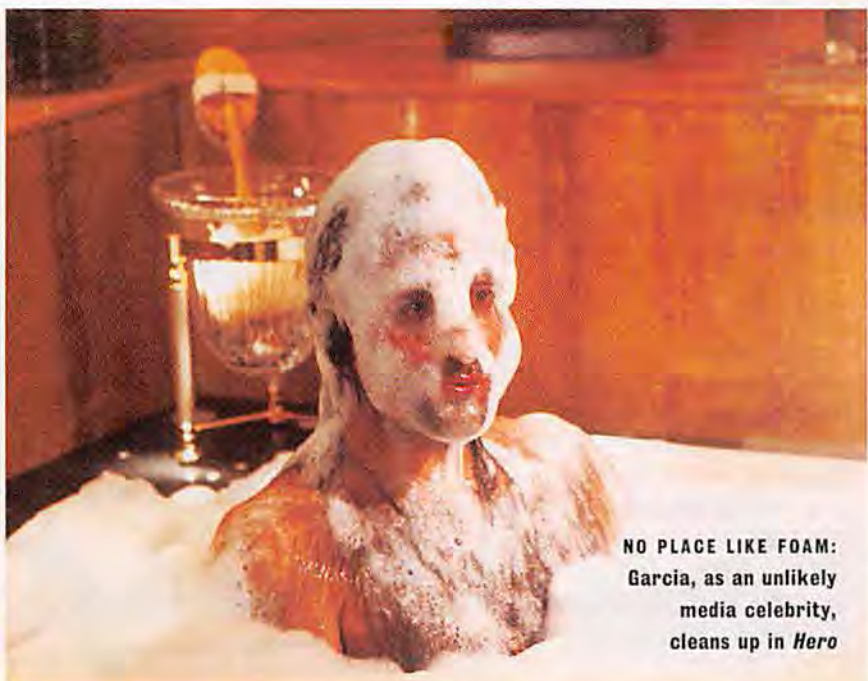
HERO Dustin Hoffman, Geena Davis (1992, Columbia TriStar, \$94.98, PG-13) *Hero's* calculated elements jell just enough for this theatrical bust to seem a very nice rental bargain. Near-bum Hoffman rescues reporter Davis and others from a plane crash, but it's drifter Andy Garcia who takes the credit and becomes the media sensation. The script by David Webb Peoples (*Unforgiven*) bluntly and affectingly asks us what we look for in our heroes, though director Stephen Frears (*The Grifters*) slows the momentum with references to Frank Capra and Preston Sturges movies. The performances are an enjoyably mixed bag: Hoffman takes a realistic character and renders him absurdly unbelievable, while Garcia does exactly the opposite. **B** —*TB*

THE PUBLIC EYE Joe Pesci, Barbara Hershey (1992, MCA/Universal, \$94.98, R) Pesci plays a lonely tabloid photographer in '40s Manhattan who has a darkroom in his car trunk and nerve to match his ingenuity. The plot gets uninterestingly complicated as he becomes involved with mobsters, the FBI, and the owner of a café-society joint (Hershey) who makes him go all soft. It's not that there's much terribly wrong with this movie; there's just not much terribly right. **C** —*Lawrence O'Toole*

SARAFINA! Whoopi Goldberg, Miriam Makeba (1992, Hollywood, \$94.95, PG-13) On stage, Mbongeni Ngema's musicalization of a young, black South African girl's harsh political education in the turmoil of the townships had a raucous, joyous energy. But any immediacy was lost in the Hollywood version, and is further reduced on the small screen. This is the *Can't Stop the Music* of the black experience: appalling zooms, mindless slow motion, grandiose overheads—the worst of music-video "creativity" applied to one of the greatest tragedies of our times. **F** —*LO'T*

LIAR'S EDGE David Keith, Shannon Tweed (1992, New Line, \$89.95, R) This lurid mystery thriller set in a trailer park in Niagara Falls has plenty of depressing ambience and little else. Nicholas Shields plays a suicidal young man (whose father got decapitated while going over the falls in a barrel) who may or may not have witnessed a murder and wants to jump from tall buildings. After a while viewers might feel like joining him. **D** —*LO'T*

HOMEBOYZ II: CRACK CITY Brian Paul Stuart, McKinley Winston (1992, A.I.P., \$89.95, unrated) What happens when nice boys (well, relatively nice boys) sell drugs? It's not good and eventually involves a lot of cussin' and blood. Writer-director Daniel Matmor's film is socially conscious, self-conscious, and, at times, dramatically, barely conscious. Yet there is a certain raw energy and undisciplined baroque flair on display



NO PLACE LIKE FOAM: Garcia, as an unlikely media celebrity, cleans up in *Hero*

here. Add terrible acting and weepy sanctimoniousness, and the result is mostly insufferable. **C-** —LO'T

Made for TV

LADYKILLER Mimi Rogers, John Shea (1992, MCA/Universal, \$89.98, R) Through a dating service a lonely and nosy ex-detective (the eminently watchable Rogers) finds a married man (poker-faced Shea) who may or may not be a homicidal maniac, which of course is the risk anyone takes dating. What begins somewhat promisingly quickly devolves into a fairly standard lady-in-peril picture, albeit with a neat twist at the end. But Rodgers never falls for Shea—he merely gets her hormones going—so there's nothing at stake emotionally here. **C-**—LO'T

QUESTION OF FAITH Anne Archer, Sam Neill (1988, Worldvision, \$89.95, unrated) This disease-of-the-week true story is far too

tame and tasteful, but its two appealing stars at least make it fairly watchable. Archer is especially good as a terminal cancer patient who rejects her doctors' pessimistic prognoses, gradually healing herself with macrobiotics, meditation, and good old-fashioned faith. That she looks radiantly healthy throughout her ordeal is indicative of how this movie glosses over the rough spots. **C** —Michael Sauter

Music

DIANA ROSS: THE LADY SINGS...JAZZ & BLUES (1992, PolyGram, \$24.95) The shallowness with which Diana Ross imbues "Strange Fruit" on this concert tape insults the memory of Billie Holiday—not to mention the lynching victims who inspired the song. Backed by 18 world-class jazz musicians (including trumpeter Jon Faddis, whose solo on "I Cried for You" is hair-raising), Ross breezes obliviously through Holiday's classics plus other standards. Holiday sang them all better back when. Ruth Brown and Abbey Lincoln sing many of them better today. And camera work that isn't always on target—showing us a horn but not the man playing it—doesn't help. **C+** —Chip Deffaa

1991: THE YEAR PUNK BROKE Sonic Youth, Nirvana (1992, Geffen, \$19.95) This documentary of Sonic Youth's 1991 European tour begs the question, How can postpunk be so compelling and so profoundly irksome at the same time? In off-stage scenes, director Dave Markey strives for a kind of

cinema verité-meets-homemade-fanzine appeal and succeeds almost too well. We carefully apply lipstick with Kurt Cobain, spoof Madonna's *Truth or Dare* with Sonic Youth's Kim Gordon, and witness nearly every bodily function of bandmate Thurston Moore in claustrophobic detail. The enthralling performances—including SY's "Schizophrenia" and Dinosaur Jr's "Freak Scene"—redeem most of these backstage excesses. **B+** —Tachee Kim

Documentaries

NOTEBOOK ON CITIES AND CLOTHES (1990, Connoisseur, \$59.95) Wim Wenders (*Wings of Desire*) contemplates identity, fashion, and the digital age by focusing on designer Yohji Yamamoto, whose clothes are more inspired than his musings on their creation are. The arty doodles and fragments that fill this *Notebook* are meant to amount to a philosophical meditation, but basically they're a snooze. **C** —Susan Chumsky

THE GUNS OF AUGUST (1965, MCA/Universal, \$19.98) So many battles, so little time. *The Guns of August* compresses Barbara W. Tuchman's epic historical tome of World War I into a 100-minute thumbnail sketch. Competent but cursory. **B-** —SC

Laserdiscs

CABARET Liza Minnelli, Michael York (1972, Warner, \$39.98, wide-screen, partial CAV, PG) True to the look that Bob Fosse's mor-

UNDER THE COVERS

Out of 'Body'

WHAT'S IN A TITLE? In the world of direct-to-video movies, it's usually *another* title. Last fall Academy Entertainment released the erotic thriller *Animal Instincts* nearly simultaneously with *Basic Instinct*. Similarly, its latest salacious offering, *Body of Influence*, suspiciously resembles Madonna's recent soft-porn courtroom drama, *Body of Evidence* (scheduled for June release).

Academy's tape was originally called *Indecent Advances*, but the company says the name change had nothing to do with the more-famous flick. *Body of Influence* "was a better title," says vice president of marketing M.J. Peckos. But what does it *mean*? "There's a lot of influence used back and forth between psychiatrist and patient," Peckos says. Sounds as if it should have been called *Body of Nonsense*. —Nisid Hajari



FLASHY DRESSER:
Pesci stoops low
for his pictures
in *The Public Eye*





LADY DI: Ross sticks her neck out

dant '30s-Berlin mosaic had in movie theaters, this wide-screen disc edition achieves its width by cropping off the top and the bottom of the image with black bands. So it actually shows *less* picture than earlier non-wide-screen video versions do. But what's removed adds immeasurably to the movie's visual power, especially when the Kit Kat Klub's ghoulish emcee (Joel Grey) prowls the stage. With the spotlights above and the patrons below less visible, there's a tighter, scarier focus on Grey's leering musical entreaties—and on the crowd's willingness to blinker itself when it comes to Nazi rule. **A**

—Steve Daly

PINOCCHIO DELUXE LASERDISC EDITION Animated (1940, Walt Disney, \$99.99, CAV, G) There are strings attached to this boxed set—it's overpriced and includes the same botched making-of documentary that hobbles a deluxe videotape version—but nothing else about it jerks you around. For one thing, you get delightful extras impossible to put on tape: A still-frame appendix rounds up production pictures, ad posters, and sketches for scenes that were changed or cut, like a book-burning sequence with Jiminy Cricket looking on in horror. And thanks to the staggering clarity the CAV format lends to freeze-frames and slow motion, every overstuffed shot in the movie comes alive with new detail. **A-**

—SD

TOP TAPES

State of 'Siege'

STEVEN SEAGAL—fresh from his first crossover theatrical smash—returns to the rentals chart this week, where his high-seas thriller, *Under Siege*, debuts at No. 2. Seagal's four previous action flicks have built a loyal following on video, but *Siege* looks to bring him to a more mainstream rental crowd. The same may hold true for director Robert Altman, whose *The Player* enters at No. 8. The insider's film did okay at the box office and was shut out of the Oscars, so Altman might not have expected its initial video success. Star Tim Robbins is no doubt doubly pleased: His directorial debut, *Bob Roberts* (on video April 28), should benefit from *The Player's* buzz.

LAST WEEK RENTALS

WEEKS ON CHART

1	1	THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS	4
		Daniel Day-Lewis (FoxVideo)	
2	—	UNDER SIEGE	1
		Steven Seagal (Warner)	
3	2	A LEAGUE OF THEIR OWN	7
		Geena Davis (Columbia TriStar)	
4	3	SNEAKERS	6
		Robert Redford (MCA/Universal)	
5	5	DEATH BECOMES HER	8
		Meryl Streep (MCA/Universal)	
6	4	HONEYMOON IN VEGAS	6
		James Caan (New Line)	
7	11	CAPTAIN RON	2
		Kurt Russell (Touchstone)	
8	—	THE PLAYER	1
		Tim Robbins (New Line)	
9	6	MR. BASEBALL	3
		Tom Selleck (MCA/Universal)	
10	12	MR. SATURDAY NIGHT	2
		Billy Crystal (New Line)	

SALES

1	1	PINOCCHIO	2
		Animated (Disney, \$24.99)	
2	2	DANCES WITH WOLVES	2
		Kevin Costner (Orion, \$14.98)	
3	—	THE LITTLE ENGINE THAT COULD	1
		Animated (MCA/Universal, \$12.98)	
4	3	LITTLE NEMO: ADVENTURES IN SLUMBERLAND	6
		Animated (Hemdale, \$24.95)	
5	4	BEAUTY AND THE BEAST	23
		Animated (Disney, \$24.99)	
6	5	101 DALMATIANS	52
		Animated (Disney, \$24.99)	
7	10	DUMBO	101
		Animated (Disney, \$24.99)	
8	24	BARNEY'S MAGICAL MUSICAL ADVENTURE	8
		Barney (Lyons, \$14.95)	
9	6	THE LITTLE MERMAID: WHALE OF A TALE	6
		Animated (Disney, \$12.99)	
10	8	ALICE IN WONDERLAND	99
		Animated (Disney, \$24.99)	

SOURCE: VIDEO BUSINESS FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 4

STUDIO 20 CLASSIC

THE MARK OF ZORRO

THE SWASHBUCKLING ADVENTURE IS HERE.

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TYRONE POWER stars as the dashing masked avenger who saves Los Angeles from Spanish despots. "Filled with spine-tingling action and glamorous romance," this celebrated screen adventure co-starring J. EDWARD BROMBERG, BASIL RATHBONE and LINDA DARNELL is "pure entertainment from start to finish." (Hollywood Reporter)



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in THE MARK OF ZORRO
with LINDA DARNELL • BASIL RATHBONE
Gale Sondergaard Eugene Pallette
J. Edward Bromberg Montagu Love
Screenplay by JOHN TAINOR FOOTE
Adaptation by GARRETT FORT and
BESS MEREDYTH
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Produced by RAYMOND GRIFFITH
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Strong-Arm Tactics

His newest exercise in career expansion is a stretch for Arnold Schwarzenegger, but how well do his childrens'-health books and fitness video really work out? **BY STEVE DALY**

ANY DAY now, Bill Clinton could hand him a pink slip. But that hasn't slowed down Arnold Schwarzenegger in his Bush-appointed role as chairman of the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports. In a new three-volume book series and videocassette, **ARNOLD'S FITNESS FOR KIDS: AGES BIRTH-5, AGES 6-10, AGES 11-14** (Doubleday, \$15 each) and **THE FITNESS EXPRESS** (USA, available for

free rental), the tauter-skinned-than-ever movie star launches a sweeping family-fitness campaign. The tone is pure recruitment poster: Uncle Arnold wants YOU, parents and teachers, to believe that the biggest natural disaster threatening Americans isn't a hurricane or an earthquake, it's a flabalanche.

According to statistics cited in all three of the *Fitness* books, 54 percent more U.S. children are overweight now than in JFK's day, and nearly 70 percent

can't do enough calisthenics to meet minimum fitness-test standards. Shame on us, says Arnold in the text. "Back in Austria when I was growing up, *everyone* was physically fit...kids played outside with their parents after supper, and went hiking and skiing with them...being in good shape was just a natural result of the life we lived."

Hitler Youth overtones aside, the books (cowritten by *Pumping Iron* author Charles Gaines) give sensible ad-

CALISTHENIC COP: Arnold & Co.
flex and firm in *Fitness Express*

vice for attacking a genuine problem. The only way to get kids on a "lifetime fitness track," says Schwarzenegger, is for families and schools to inculcate healthy eating and daily exercise. To that end, each volume tidily outlines a set of fitness goals in light, playful language aimed at adults (*Birth-5*), kids (*11-14*), or both (*6-10*). There are cautions against pushing kids to play sports they don't like, and gentle digs at parents who set a bad example ("It just won't work to tell little Suzy to lay off the Twinkies if she sees you sneaking them"). Handy appendices offer ideas for exercises, "drills," and games like this goofy one for tots: "Pretend to be tree branches reaching for the clouds, saying, 'Rain on me—I need to grow!'"

But many parents may be alarmed by the aggressive flavor of some of the text, especially the large-type, autobiographical stories between chapters. With titles like "Arnold Learns the Value of Hard Work at an Early Age," they're intended for kids to read or for parents to narrate aloud at bedtime. Cuddly they ain't: They're way too concerned with competition ("No matter how tired I was, I always made sure I carried more than my brother") and going beyond one's physical limits. In one tale, little Arnold is so anxious to break a chin-up record that he practices on a tree branch until "my fingers were all cut and bloody from the bark." Gee, Dad, read me that blood part again!

Happily, Schwarzenegger makes sport of his obsessive side in the *Fitness Express* video. The tape's two 15-minute aerobic routines are more galvanizing than the books because you get Arnold barking *right at you* in that funny accent and playing his tough-guy routine for laughs. "You take de chump rope ova deyah!" he commands, as he explains how to set up a phys ed facility "without any expensiff equibment" or "fency chymnasiums." It's hard to resist

Schwarzenegger's good-natured exhortations, provided you can understand what he's saying: "Fastah! Gimme moh-wah enachee! Now...chum-bing chacks!"

To Schwarzenegger's credit, there's no promotional plug for the book series in the video. But of course, the image of Arnie as a benevolent dictator beloved by kids ties neatly into his ongoing effort to soften his image and broaden his movie audience—and comes just in time

for this summer's *Last Action Hero* (in which a young boy enters the movie screen to befriend action-film star Arnold). So as Schwarzenegger pumps up his career, he's also raising the aggression level in your child's diet. If you think that's unhealthy, you just may find the role model Arnie offers in these books and tapes something to get exercised about. *Arnold's Fitness for Kids*, all 3 volumes: **B-** *Fitness Express*: **B+**

ARNOLD AS FITNESS ROLE MODEL

Feel the Burn—Literally

ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER and pediatric health may seem an unlikely combination, but the actor has actually been working with children—and communicating vivid fitness messages—for years. Now that he's a children's author as well as star of *Kindergarten Cop*, kids may want to check out their hero's previous work. Here's what they'll find:

◆ **THE TERMINATOR (1984)** Machine man Schwarzenegger goes back in time to present-day Earth on a mission of destruction. **Interaction with kids:** He sets out to kill the future mother of his unborn enemy. **Fitness message:** Getting in tune with your body makes it easier to repair an eyeball with an X-Acto knife when necessary.

◆ **RED SONJA (1985)** Warrior Schwarzenegger and his female counterparts must destroy a sacred talisman before an evil queen conquers the world. **Interaction with kids:** While a pint-size prince watches, Schwarzenegger grabs a dragon in a stranglehold so Sonja can stab it in the eye. **Fitness message:** Lunges and twists are beneficial for efficiently beheading your opponent with a sword.

◆ **PREDATOR (1987)** Rescuing hostages in Central America, Schwarzenegger encounters an inhuman enemy. **Interaction with kids:** Crying babies are heard as Schwarzenegger and company blow up a village. **Fitness message:** Cross-training develops your ability to switch off between heavy artillery and a handmade bow and arrow.

◆ **TWINS (1988)** Schwarzenegger discovers he has a twin brother (Danny DeVito) who looks and acts nothing like him. **Interaction with kids:** Schwarzenegger yawns uncontrollably while wheeling his own twin infants in their stroller. **Fitness message:** Strong triceps enable you to crush two heads together.

◆ **TOTAL RECALL (1990)** Schwarzenegger's memories haunt him in this future tale of two planets. **Interaction with kids:** On a subway station escalator, he shoves some kids out of the way before choosing a grown-up human shield to take the gunshots intended for him. **Fitness message:** Using weights to build up pectorals prepares you for severing villains' arms. —Lois Alter Mark



JUST KIDDING: Strolling in Twins

ENCORE

Oscar Grouch

BY TIM PURTELL

George C. Scott shocked the Academy by spurning his Best Actor award in 1971

OLD "GUTS,"
OLD GLORY:
Scott as Patton,
a part Ronald
Reagan said he
"would have done
anything in the
world to play"



EVERETT COLLECTION

FOR HOLLYWOOD, the controversy was as unsettling as an earthquake. The first tremors had been felt in February, when George C. Scott informed the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences via telegram that he would reject a nomination as Best Actor for his portrayal of Gen. George S. Patton in *Patton*. Though he had tried before to withdraw from an Oscar race—for a Best Supporting Actor nod for 1960's *The Hustler*—this time the 43-year-old actor declared that he would simply not accept.

On Oscar night, April 15, the quake hit. As presenter Goldie Hawn gasped, "Oh, my God, the winner is George C. Scott!" the honoree was asleep at his New York State farm with his then-wife, actress Colleen Dewhurst, and sons—thus becoming the first actor to reject the coveted award.

Scott had won high praise for 1959's *Anatomy of a Murder* and 1964's *Dr. Strangelove* before playing the crusty World War II general. The perfectionist Scott read and reread 13 Patton biographies, wore a special set of dental caps, and battled producer Frank McCarthy over how to portray

"Old Blood and Guts." It was worth the angst. Scott's performance was considered an Oscar shoo-in—until the Academy got his telegram and heard his later remarks, ascribing his refusal to a dislike of the voting process and of the very idea of competition.

Hollywood quickly took sides, with the old guard, such as Gregory Peck and *Airport* producer Ross Hunter, critical of Scott's defiant gesture, and young upstarts, like fellow nominee Ryan O'Neal (*Love Story*), backing him. The debate raged for weeks: Columnists explored the "crisis," *TIME* enshrined the brouhaha on its cover, and *60 Minutes* let him

sound off two days before the Oscar broadcast.

And then it was over. On the set of *The Hospital* the day after the ceremony, Scott said he had "no feeling about it one way or another." The Academy relaxed—until 1973, when *The Godfather's* Marlon Brando one-upped Scott by sending Sacheen Littlefeather to refuse his award for him.

Currently in Off Broadway's *Wrong Turn at Lungfish*, Scott, now 65 and married to actress Trish Van Devere, reprised the role of Patton in a 1986 TV movie (and will star in *Curaçao* on Showtime in June). Did Scott regret the debacle? He's not talking now, but in 1974 he said, "I have to do what is valuable to me: calling my soul my own." ♦

TIME CAPSULE

April 15, 1971

LEON URIS' *QB VII* was No. 1 on the best-seller list, as Three Dog Night brought "**Joy to the World.**" Dustin Hoffman was *Little Big Man* on the big screen, and *Marcus Welby, M.D.* had TV's healthiest ratings.

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Why is our SC2 so fun to drive? For some, it's the 124 horsepower engine. For others, it's the sport-tuned suspension. But for you, all we can say is, "Here's the key."

But come Saturday? Different story. She skydives. She skis. Or she plays with her pets—two Rottweilers and a cockatiel that can whistle half of the Flintstones' theme.



So you can guess why Suzanne chose a Saturn coupe. (She says it has the styling, the handling, the performance and all the other fun-to-drive stuff her freefall/downhill/cartoon self wants.)

And, funny thing, the price didn't bother her tax analyst side one bit.

A DIFFERENT KIND of COMPANY. A DIFFERENT KIND of CAR.

To know more about Saturn, and our new sedans, coupes and wagons, please call us at 1-800-522-5000.

Manufacturer's suggested retail price for the 1993 Saturn SC2 is \$12,795, including retailer prep. Tax, license, options and transportation charges are extra. Suzanne Stehlik is pictured with a 1993 Saturn SC2. © 1992 Saturn Corporation.